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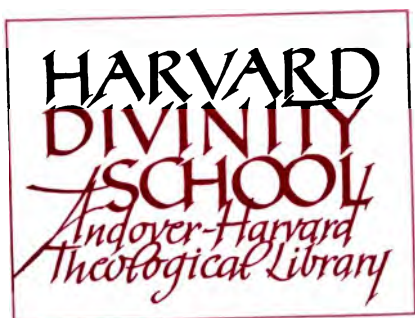
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Cornwallis
SHORT POEMS:

INCLUDING

A SKETCH OF THE SCRIPTURES

TO THE BOOK OF RUTH :

SATAN'S GREAT DEVISE,

OR

LINES ON INTEMPERANCE :

I AND CONSCIENCE,

OR

A DIALOGUE ON UNIVERSALISM :

AND A FEW OTHERS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY JONATHAN FISHER,
Minister of the Gospel in Blue Hill, Me.

PORTLAND :

A. SHIRLEY, PRINTER,
1827.

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DISTRICT OF MAINE, SS.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this 28th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty seven, and the fifty second year of the Independence of the United States of America, Mr. **JONATHAN FISHER**, of the District of Maine, has deposited in this Office, the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, viz :

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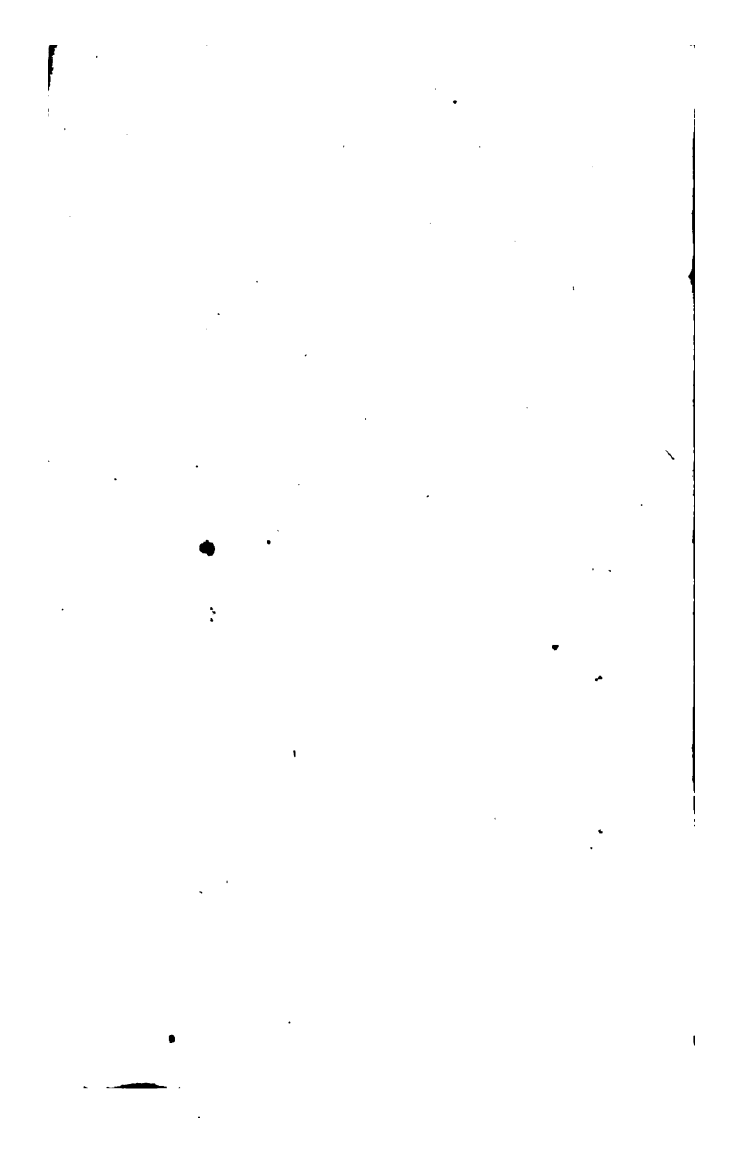
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ATTEST—J. MUSSEY, Clerk D. C. Maine.

PROLOGUE.

Go, little Book, and profit, if thou can,
By serious counsel, erring, sinning man.
Tho' small thy claim to genius, and thy dress
Humble and plain, yet mayest ^{thou} sometimes bless
The careful Reader, and his life reform,
Raise his low views, his frozen bosom warm,
Induce repent^ace, and from vice restrain,
Withdraw his thoughts from trifles light & vain,
Break his attachment to this earthly ~~clod~~,
And turn his soul to virtue and to God.

If He, whose blessing on these lines I crave,
Deign by their influence one poor soul to save
Thro' his dear Son, tho' many a busy day
Of toil I've spent, it will my pains repay.



POEMS.

The Snow Storm.

Twelve miles I've travell'd over hill and dale,
And all the way, driven by the north-east wind,
The snow, descending from the cloudy sky,
And borne aslope, comes whiffing fast around.
Sometimes I'm shelter'd by a thick spruce grove;
Sometimes the lee of some high neighb'ring hill
Kindly secures me from the driving storm.
Sometimes unshelter'd in the open field,
Travelling still westward, as I pass along,
The tempest, rushing with unbridled force,
Beats full upon me; piercing is the cold;
I turn my face a little to the left,
Hold my right hand against the windward
cheek,
And thus defend it from the beating snow.
Sometimes I wade thro' drifts; anon the path,
Clear'd by the wind, affords a better way
To trip it lightly. Thus I journey on;
The knee, some weary, gives a little pain;
But all is well. The busy mind within,
Calm and unruffled, smiling at the storm,
Surveys a thousand beauties; all the way,

In all its parts, a lesson may afford
 For Christian pilgrims. Thus we pass along
 Thro' this life's journey. All the world around
 Is full of storms ; nations on nations rush,
 And with a fury wilder than the wind
 Scatter death's darts, and desolation spread.
 Thanks to our blessed God, who gives us here
 A little while, in this our favour'd land,
 A calm asylum. True it is we hear
 The distant roar of the contending winds,
 But scarcely feel them. Still we have our storms
 Of different kind ; full many a blast severe
 Of fierce temptation, urg'd by foes within,
 Beats on our souls, and brings us to a stand.
 Yet oft amidst the fury of these winds
 The blessed Spirit lends a shelter kind,
 And hides the shivering soul beneath his wing.

The snow, so white, affords an emblem fair
 Of that bright robe, my Saviour's righteousness,
 With which the Spirit covers me around,
 And which defends me from the wrath of God,
 Inflam'd, and justly, for my daring sins.
 Nor only thus ; the snowy whiteness yields
 An emblem too of inward purity,
 And holiness inherent, which the soul
 Should ever love, and earnestly pursue.
 O how divinely bright, how clear and fair
 The purity of heaven's great King, who sends
 The snow so pure ! The heavens themselves
 unclean,
 Compar'd with him ; and bright, angelic hosts
 Are charg'd with folly !—Now I rise the hill ;

Rise, O my soul, in adoration high
 Of Him, who lives forever. Rise, my thoughts,
 In contemplation to the eternal hills,
 Whence comes my help ; and soar above the
 world,

And dwell delighted on superior themes.

Now I descend ; so sinks the mind. Not long
 Can we sustain the glories of the skies,
 And soar on steady wing ; flesh pulls us down ;
 Low in the vale we sink ; the higher we ascend,
 The lower oft we fall. Such is our shifting state ;
 So various and unstable here, to teach
 Our slow, dull souls, that earth is not our home,
 And make us pant for those celestial scenes,
 Which death must open, where the happy mind,
 Free from its fetters, from its clogs releas'd,
 May soar forever with unwearied wing,
 And drink full draughts of bliss without alloy,
 Amidst the glories of the throne of God.

Here I must wade ; so wades the pilgrim too
 Through drifts of trouble ; slowly draws along
 His weary feet, half mir'd in vexing cares
 Of present life. The smiles of heaven with-
 drawn,

Crosses on crosses pil'd, afflictions, pains,
 Beset him round ; his courage almost fails,
 He almost sinks, unable to pursue.

Such are our trials in this varying world ;
 Oft in deep troubles ; but a hand unseen
 As oft comes kindly, sweeps our cares away,
 Evens our path, our drooping spirits cheers,
 Lightens our feet, and bids us happy speed.

Now we can run ! O may we thus run on
 Towards bliss without a hindrance ! Soen our
 feet,
 Wing'd with such speed, would reach the hea-
 venly hills,
 Take hold of thy salvation, tread thy courts,
 O blest Immanuel ! And be ready there
 For thy commands. Come, happy day of rest ;
 I wait my journey's end ; soon will it come ;
 Then, O my Jesus, I shall rest with Thee.

*A brief Sketch of the Contents of the holy Scrip-
 tures to the end of the book of Ruth ; in-
 terspersed with a few Reflections.*

Thy holy word, my gracious God,
 A flood of light displays ;
 And, like the sun, it shoots abroad
 Its all enlightening rays.

Before it human lights retire,
 As in the blaze of day
 The dull, dim taper's feeble fire,
 Glimmers, and fades away.

Strike from our history all the light
 The sacred Scriptures lend,
 Day quickly turns to gloomy night,
 And faith and hope must end.

Whence came the world, how long ago
 Our race from nothing rose,

No mortal here on earth would know,
Nor how the scene must close.

Taught by thy volume, we explore
The date of mortal things ;
How from thy goodness, wisdom, power,
The whole creation springs.

How man was made, upright at first,
And how by sin he fell ;
Doom'd to return again to dust,
Expos'd to sink to hell.

Taught by thy volume, while its lines
The awful curse declare,
A beam of heavenly mercy shines,
To light us from despair.

Between the serpent with his seed,
And one of woman made,
Eternal hatred is decreed,
To bruise the serpent's head.

The sacred page with rapid haste
Marks out a sketch of man,
His days still shortening, till at last
His life is but a span.

Sad fruits of sin, how quickly seen !
Amidst his sacrifice,
By murdering Cain, (through envy slain,)
The righteous Abel dies.

By few the way of peace is trod,
The throng to ruin drives ;

But holy Enoch walks with God,
And soon to heaven arrives.

The earth corrupt, the chosen few
To Noah's house confin'd,
A general deluge overthrew
The millions of mankind.

Sav'd by the ark, a precious seed
The ruin'd world restore,
And in thy covenant 'tis agreed
To drown the earth no more.

Next we are led to Shinar's plain,
Where Babel's rising tower
Proclaims the pride of man again,
And sin's destructive power.

Descending then, Almighty God,
Their speech thou didst confound;
And spread the human race abroad
To earth's remotest bound.

Soon are the glories of thy name
Profan'd in every place;
And idol worship marks the shame
Of earth's increasing race.

Taught by thy word, we understand
That, others left behind,
Abrah'm was call'd to leave his land,
A promis'd land to find.

To him a promis'd heir is given,
To him a covenant seal'd;

To him the way by faith to heaven
Is graciously reveal'd.

Behold, on mount Moriah's top,
Obedient to thy word,
The faithful patriarch offers up
His Isaac to the Lord.

Distinguish'd type of love unknown !
Behold heaven's opening plan !
My God, my King, thine only Son
Is offer'd thus for man.

See Isaac on the altar laid:
Submissive there he lies ;
See the knife rais'd his blood to shed,
A lamb for sacrifice.

Hark ! from on high an angel calls,
Abrah'm ! thy hand refrain ;
Down from his hand the weapon falls,
And Isaac lives again.

From him, restor'd, a numerous seed
In long succession springs ;
To Egypt sent, they thrive and spread,
Oppress'd by haughty kings.

There Joseph, rais'd to high renown
From low, afflicted state,
O'er Egypt, next to Pharaoh's throne,
Obtains the highest seat.

To him, while Pharaoh tells his dream,
The secret, God explains ;

Extensive sway, and high esteem,
His depth of wisdom gains.

The corn of seven most fruitful years
He stores with prudent hand ;
Thousands to save he thus prepares,
While famine wastes the land.

Jesus, our greater Joseph, thus
A store in heaven reserves ;
The bread of life he deals to us,
And thus our souls preserves.

Joseph remov'd, Almighty God,
Thy chosen people sigh,
Enslav'd beneath the oppressor's rod,
They raise to Thee their cry.

At length thy hand, avenging Lord,
For their relief awakes ;
All Egypt feels thy powerful word,
And to its centre shakes.

Ten dreadful plagues its pride chastise,
And bring its glory low,
Till Pharaoh now no more denies
To let the people go.

Down from the realms of spotless light
A mighty angel flies,
And in one dark and fatal night
The flower of Egypt dies.

The chosen tribes, by Moses led
Safe through the opening sea,

On the deep water's naked bed
Pursue their wonderous way.

O'er the bare desert's burning sand,
Behold their armies move ;
The care of thy supporting hand,
And thine unwearied love.

Oft by their faithless, murmuring breath,
Was thy long patience tried ;
And oft by some surprising death
The leading rebels died.

Still from the fruitful, morning skies,
Their hoary food descends ;
The flinty rock a stream supplies,
Which through the desert bends.

A cloudy pillar leads their way
Where lofty Sinai stands ;
Beneath the mountain long they stay,
With all their numerous bands.

Here, to dispense thy holy law,
Thy glory, Lord, comes down ;
The trumpet strikes the camp with awe,
Dark clouds the mountain crown.

Now lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
The mountain burns and quakes,
While with a voice of sovereign power
The Lord of glory speaks.

Moses ascends, to God draws near,
The people trembling stand ;

The law he takes with holy fear
From thy presenting hand.

Now thy commands to Israel given,
We read in many a line ;
Thy precepts mark the way to heaven,
Thy words are all divine.

A crowd of meaning rites appear,
To cleanse from outward sin ;
Each calls a bleeding Saviour near,
To heal the soul within.

Long march the tribes, a tedious way,
At length on Canaan's coast,
Faithless, they yield to fell dismay,
And all their hopes are lost.

Back through the desert they are driven,
Their years consum'd with grief ;
The heavenly Canaan ne'er is given
To wavering unbelief.

At length, the faithless murmurers dead,
Their seed, by Joshua's hand,
Through Jordan's parted waters led,
Possess the promis'd land.

Not for their goodness, worth, or grace,
Their victories here they gain ;
But the vile bands of Canaan's race
For their own crimes are slain.

Stop now, my soul, with wonder view
The alegoric scene ;

Trace the long train of emblems through,
And study what they mean.

The Egyptian bondage may design
Our slavery here in sin ;
The heart of Pharaoh, this of mine,
Till grace be found within.

As all the flower of Egypt fell,
That Israel's tribes might rise,
So, to redeem our souls from hell,
God's first begotten dies.

See in the plagues on Egypt sent
The awaken'd sinner's throes ;
Grace, on his full recovery bent,
Disturbs his false repose.

The passage through the parted sea,
The sprinkling cloud and spray,
Mark the new birth, which sets us free
To run the heavenly way.

Lingering, the sons of Israel go
The barren desert through ;
So Christian pilgrims here below
The heavenly rest pursue.

Hear what the death of Moses speaks,
Who short of Canaan dies ;
" In vain to heaven the sinner seeks
By Moses' law to rise."

As Jordan's waters must be past
To reach fair Canaan's ground ;

So every soul of death must taste,
Before in glory crown'd.

As Joshua Jordan's flood controls,
Till Israel's tribes are blest ;
So Jesus leads believing souls
To heaven's eternal rest.

Thus, Mighty God, thy word can teach
By emblems clear and plain ;
Thy works recorded have a speech,
Nor is its meaning vain.

The land of promise now possest,
By lot each tribe receives
Its portion in this earthly rest,
Which God to Israel gives.

Thus blest, the holy nation fears,
And serves the living God ;
Wisely they tread some happy years
The path, which Joshua trod.

Taught by the wonders of thy hand,
Great God, they own thy grace ;
A while enjoy the promis'd land,
And then depart in peace.

Next a rebellious race ensues,
Jehovah they disown ;
His tender mercies much abuse,
And worship wood and stone.

Oft for their sins they feel the rod,
Oppress'd by powerful foes ;

Then in their misery cry to God,
And seek of him repose.

He hears their cries, he sees their grief,
And wise and holy men
He raises up for their relief,
And sends them peace again.

Ehud and Shamgar, Deborah too,
And Barak Israel save ;
The wife of Heber Sisera slew,
And help to Israel gave.

Young pious Gideon next arose,
And with a little band
The host of Midian overthrows,
And frees the oppressed land.

Thy sword, my God, the victory gains ;
Arm'd with thy powerful word,
We soon may sweep the embattled plains,
Which rise against the Lord.

Thy glittering truth appears so keen,
It strikes with quick dismay
The numerous hosts of hell and sin,
And drives them far away.

Short was Abimelech's sinful reign ;
The Shechemites he slew,
Fell, by a piece of mill-stone slain,
A woman on him threw.

Tola and Jair in turn succeed,
And Jephthah strong and brave ;

They fought in Israel's times of need,
But God the victory gave.

Ibzan and Elon next ensue,
Then Abdon's reign prepares
For him, whom strength could ne'er subdue,
Till lust his soul ensnares.

His sev'n locks yet unshorn, his bands
With ease assunder burst ;
A thousand slaughter'd by his hands,
The Lord supplies his thirst.

No ropes nor withes so firmly bind,
As lewd Delilah's arms ;
Fly, O my soul, nor look behind,
Fly sin's delusive charms.

Shorn of his locks, the hero goes,
Nor deems his strength is gone,
Till caught and fetter'd by his foes,
And into prison thrown.

Gone are his eyes, in mournful state,
His folly now he rues ;
Too many learn, alas, too late,
The better way to choose.

New grown his hair, a while oppress'd,
His strength again returns ;
Then call'd to sport at Dagon's feast,
In silence there he mourns.

God hears his cry ; he lifts his hands,
Against each pillar leans,

Which central in the temple stands,
And half its weight sustains.

He prays, he bows, on all beneath
The thronged roof comes down ;
And thousands buried now in death
His former victories crown.

Thus on the cross the Saviour bows
His sacred head, and dies ;
In death he spoils the strong man's house,
And Satan vanquish'd lies.

Of Micah's image next we read,
Stol'n by the tribe of Dan ;
How fast their idol worship spread,
When once the curse began.

How soon their wandering feet decline
From heaven's appointed way ;
They leave the path of truth divine,
And wide in error stray.

The Levite's history next ensues,
Whose concubine assail'd,
In strong and glaring manner shews
What horrid lust prevail'd.

Forc'd till she died in Gibeah's streets
By Benjamites unclean,
The numerous host of Israel meets,
To avenge the brutal scene.

The vile offenders they demand,
The Benjamites refuse ;

And soon in arms prepar'd they stand,
And war's decision choose.

Now hosts with hosts contend in wrath ;
The Benjamites prevail ;
Thousands of Israel fall in death,
The hearts of thousands fail.

Counsel they ask of God again,
He gives them leave to go ;
But thousands more are quickly slain
Before their valiant foe.

Two dreadful days ! What hosts of men
The vanquish'd tribes they cost ;
Of Israel's warriors one in ten
Were in the contest lost.

Four hundred thousand was their sum,
Full forty thousand fell ;
Why so severe was Israel's doom ?
What mortal tongue can tell ?

Tho' just their cause, by God alone
Their motives could be seen ;
Perhaps in judgment overthrown,
Because themselves unclean.

But humbled now beneath his hand
By a chastising rod,
They weep, and supplicating stand
Before the house of God.

Once more they ask, and God bestows
An answer kind and plain,

Once more they meet their valiant foes,
And soon the victory gain.

Five times five thousand warlike men,
Of Benjamin are slain ;
Nor two alive in eight times ten
Of all their host remain.

Their wives and children too o'erthrown,
The tribes in haste had sworn
A solemn oath, to give them none ;
But now their promise mourn,

To save their oath, and save a tribe,
Reduc'd at once so low,
Their crafty counsellors prescribe
An artful manner now ;

Jabesh 'tis found the war declin'd,
The men of Jabesh fall ;
Four hundred virgins there they find,
The number still too small.

A feast in Shiloh soon arrives,
They seize two hundred more ;
The broken tribe supply'd with wives,
The tragic scene is o'er.

O Lust ! Is this thy bitter end ?
And are thy fruits so dear ?
Shun, O my soul, the filthy fiend,
And keep thy conscience clear.

One fatal night by filthy fools
Past thro' in lust and shame,

Cost near a hundred thousand souls,
To quench the dreadful flame.

Almighty God, I bless thy name !
As I the sacred page
Turn o'er, at length a milder theme
May now my thoughts engage.

On Israel's land a famine sent,
Amidst the judges' reign,
Elimelech with Naomi went
In Moab to remain.

Mahlon and Chilion with them there,
Their only sons, abide ;
Take wives, decease, nor leave an heir ;
And there Elimelech died.

Ten years elaps'd, the famine o'er,
Naomi now prepares
To see her native land once more,
And soothe her mournful cares.

Orpah and Ruth, the widows now
Of her deceased sons,
Their friendship for Naomi show,
And she their kindness owns.

They follow her a little way ;
Return, said she, return ;
Go now, and with your kindred stay ;
Your widow'd state I mourn.

Orpah then leaves her with a kiss,
But Ruth her love displays

In stronger terms by far, than this,
And firmly thus she says ;

Why bid me leave thee ? I am thine ;
With thee I'll go, and rest ;
Thy people I will own for mine,
And with thy God be blest.

Where thou shalt die, my grave shall be ;
Let God be witness now ;
If aught, but death, divide from thee,
I break a solemn vow.

Ye daughters fair, of every name,
A bright example here
Demands of you an equal flame
Of love and filial fear.

How oft, when pure religion calls
To follow pious friends,
Away the heart from friendship falls,
And parts for selfish ends.

Be your's the friends of God and truth,
Their friendship learn to prize,
You may be blest with pious Ruth,
And high in honor rise.

To Bethlehem the strangers come,
The city moves to see ;
Is this Naomi ? Welcome home !
Nor here a stranger be.

Give me no more this pleasant name,*
 She said, but Mara call,
 For this my sore afflictions claim,
 For I've been fed with gall.

In barley harvest they return ;
 Industrious Ruth prepares,
 While others reap the yellow corn,
 To glean the scatter'd ears.

Successful Gleaner ! Here she found
 Her wealthy, future spouse ;
 Soon to Naomi's kinsman bound,
 The Lord repays her vows.

Boaz redeems Naomi's land,
 Performs the kinsman's part ;
 To Ruth he gives his willing hand,
 And with it gives his heart.

She guides his house, and Obed bears,
 The root of David's race ;
Messiah springs among his heirs,
 The messenger of grace.

See Jew and Gentile here unite ;
 Fair type of future things ;
 A beam of that superior light,
 The glorious Gospel brings.

Time soon the scatter'd Jews shall see,
 And Gentiles yet unknown,

* *Naomi*, from the Hebrew *Nohgam*, pleasantness ;
Mara, from the Hebrew *Marah*, bitterness :

In one harmonious church agree,
And one Redeemer own.

*On a violent evening Rain Storm, in the month
of October, 1805.*

The sun is gone beyond the western hills ;
Dark, heavy clouds come heaving from the east,
And seal up all the skies. A constant hum,
Like distant howl of the benighted dog,
His master lost, or like a long, low blast
Thro' hollow reed, or like Æolian harp,
Rising and falling, thro' the casement sounds.
The cry of geese, wild from the northern climes,
Now half bewilder'd in the mist, is heard.
Hark, now it sprinkles ; now the long, cold blast
Rises and swells ; the leafless branch abroad
Sighs to the wind. Now harder blows the gale,
And still increases, while the pattering rain,
Aslant descending, swiftly forward urg'd,
Beats on the cottage side ; the cottage shakes,
Each crevice whistles ; melancholy sound !
The windows clatter, and the chimney roars ;
The candle flares ; and, as each gust abates,
The house joints creek. 'Tis blackness all
abroad ;
Each pane of glass, a door of light by day,
Now like an opening to a cellar seems,
Save one or two, from which the candle shines,
Reflected back in varied scraps of light. 3

Forc'd thro' a leak, we hear the water drop ;
 This chair is mov'd, now that, perhaps a chest,
 A bed, or table ; now a little brook,
 Swelling, and spreading, runs along the floor.
 Now with loud crash the forest trees go down ;
 The tempest raves, as flashes of a flame
 Beat the air upward, when a city burns,
 Or as a torrent, rushing o'er a steep,
 Dashes on rocks beneath. A constant roar
 Sounds from the forest ; where ten thousand
 boughs,
 In wild confusion lash the furious blast.
 The whole house rocks, as if it soon must fall ;
 The children, frightened, round their parents
 cling ;
 The parents too, their trembling bosoms fill'd
 With apprehension, scarce their fears disguise.

Child.

What makes it blow so dreadful hard ?
 I fear the house will fall,
 And what will then become of us ?
 O, ma'am, 'twill kill us all !

Mother.

'Tis God, who makes it blow, my dear ;
 He sends the wind and rain,
 And, if he please, can make it clear,
 And calm and still again.

Father.

We're all dependent on his hand ;
 He knows how hard to shake
 The house, and still to let it stand,
 And us a shelter make.

Mother.

I pity now with all my soul
 Poor sailors on the seas ;
 How they must drive, and toss, and roll
 In such a dreadful breeze !

Father.

'Tis likely some will be upset,
 And sink in deeps below ;
 Or dash'd on rocks, will pay the debt,
 Which all to nature owe.

Mother.

I think it well becomes us all
 To improve the thought aright,
 And be prepar'd, when God shall call,
 To take our sudden flight.

Father.

Yes, " Be ye therefore ready ;" thus
 We hear the Saviour say ;
 For at an hour unknown to us,
 He calls the soul away.

The storm subsides ; less frequent are the blasts,
 And far less furious ; to the south the wind
 Wheels, and abates ; and with the wind the rain,
 And with them both, abates the inward fear,
 Which lurks in secret, in the breast of man.

Now calm, the mind in meditation soars ;
 Surveys the works of God, approves, adores.
 Why the dark storm ? And whence the rain and
 wind ?

From God they come, for some wise ends
 design'd.

The floods of rain the brooks and rivers swell ;
 How great the use of these, what tongue can tell?
 Some o'er the ground their straying waters send,
 The soil they soften, and together blend
 Its fruitful powers, and thus the earth prepare
 For the rich harvest of a following year.
 Some drive the mills, our various wants demand,
 And save vast labor of the toiling hand ;
 Some, noble streams, our forest trees convey
 In rafts of timber to the expecting sea.
 Some bear our commerce from the distant
 main

Far up the land, and down their tide again.
 Some, proudly swelling, pass their usual bound,
 Roll o'er the fields, and desolate the ground,
 Sweep fruits, trees, houses, beasts and men
 along,

A sad, confus'd, a vast and frightful throng.
 Thus rains in mercy, or in judgment given,
 Teach man's dependence on the will of heaven.
 Nor less the winds : when, with tremendous
 sweep,

They come fast rushing o'er the foaming deep,
 To many a ship they give a watery grave ;
 No strength, nor skill the precious freight can
 save ;

The vile and virtuous, tossing with the surge,
 (The soul now trembling on life's utmost verge,)
 Take a vast leap, and launch in crowds away,
 To ruin those, and these to endless day.

Thus, O my God, the winds thine angels
 prove,
 To bring thy children to enjoy thy love ;

And drive thy foes, with fierce and angry breath,
 Down to the chambers of eternal death,
 In darkness there just judgment to sustain,
 For slighted love, and mercy urg'd in vain.

Meanwhile the seas in rolling mountains
 driven,
 Now sinking deep, and swelling now to heaven,
 Discharge their filth, and from diseases save
 The countless throngs, which sport beneath the
 wave.

As o'er the land the blasts impetuous blow,
 Unroof our dwellings, lay our forests low,
 They call us forth to view the power of God,
 The desolations he has wrought abroad ;
 Bid us, submissive, his dominion own,
 And render homage to *His* name alone.
 Meanwhile our hopes of lasting wealth below,
 Declar'd unstable, blighted as they grow,
 Teach earthly man to raise his views above,
 And seek an interest in a Saviour's love.
 Nor this alone ; the desolating wind,
 To mortals dreadful, is to mortals kind ;
 The noxious vapor, whose malignant breath
 Is fill'd with seeds of dire disease and death,
 Driven by the tempest, leaves the ambient air
 Sweet to respire, salubrious, cool and clear.

Thus the storms appear abroad,
 Govern'd by Almighty God.
 Now, my soul, within repair,
 View the scene in figure there.
 When my Sun withdraws his light,
 Soon my day is turn'd to night ; 3*

Gloomy clouds my mind o'erspread,
 Now my cheerful hopes are fled.
 Omens sad at length inform
 To expect a dreadful storm.
 Lawless thoughts around me play,
 To my bosom find their way ;
 Satan, ere I am aware,
 Takes me with a hidden snare ;
 Pours his fierce temptations in,
 To persuade my soul to sin.
 These resisted, more again
 Rushing come, like rattling rain,
 In a thick and hastening crowd,
 Back'd with motives strong and loud.
 Shaken soul, what wilt thou do ?
 Thou in part hast let them thro'.
 Weaker thoughts like children are,
 And would urge me to despair,
 Foi'd I am alas ! I own,
 Inward light is almost gone ;
 Darkness shows its gloomy stores,
 Guilty conscience loudly roars ;
 Resolution prostrate lies,
 Lust for satisfaction cries.
 Shall I wholly yield the day,
 And my deadly foes obey ?
 O, methinks I must come down,
 And success their contest crown !
 Is my house upon a rock ?
 Will it bear the dreadful shock ?
 If my hopes are built on sand,
 Sure I am they cannot stand.

Jesus, hear my mournful cry ;
 Thou, my Rock, to thee I fly ;
 All, that is not built on thee,
 Prostrate, like the fallen tree,
 Lies in ruin ; still my hope
 Finds in thee a blessed prop ;
 Shaken, shiver'd, down awhile,
 Now it rises with a smile,
 Resolution with it brings,
 And anew my courage springs.

Now with Jesus I abide,
 Satan tries another side ;
 Thanks to God, his cunning fails,
 'Tis my Captain who prevails.
 As the dying breezes sigh,
 For my sins I mourn and cry ;
 Grace preventing, lust expires,
 Conquer'd are impure desires.
 Evil thoughts, which broke my rest,
 Now are banish'd from my breast,
 While my thankful songs arise
 To the help affording skies.

Soften'd now my heart I find ;
 New instructions teach my mind ;
 Kindly these my soul prepare,
 Fruitful harvests yet to bear.
 New experience now I gain,
 To assist my fellow men ;
 Happy too, I learn to prize
 Constant commerce with the skies.

Vanquish'd in the trying day,

Many a lust is swept away ;
 Blessed God, thy power alone,
 In the victory here I own.
 Thanks to thee, when faith is try'd,
 Then the soul is purify'd ;
 Good is that which bears the test,
 'Tis no loss to lose the rest.
 More and more the heart refin'd,
 Is to heavenly things inclin'd ;
 Thus prepar'd, when Christ shall call,
 On his breast my soul shall fall,
 In his bosom sweetly rest,
 To eternal ages blest.

Invitation to Sinners.

Precious souls, to ruin hasting,
 Stay, O stay, a moment stay ;
 Think how fast your time is wasting,
 How it bears your lives away.

Down the rapid stream descending,
 Soon tremendous falls appear ;
 See the jaws of hell extending,
 Will you plunge forever there ?

O what dreadful pangs will seize you
 In the lake of endless fire !
 Think, O sinners, will it please you
 Thus to die, and ne'er expire ?

Flames of wrath, forever falling,
 Sink you down and down again ;
 Lashing conscience ever galling—
 Will you dare the deathless pain ?

Dear immortals, look behind you,
 Hear a bleeding Savior's call ;
 Why should earthly pleasures blind you,
 Till in endless death you fall ?

Vainly sporting with a bubble,
 Fast you float along the stream ;
 Soon an ocean full of trouble
 Ends at once your golden dream.

Precious souls, for once bethink you ;
 Fly to Jesus, quickly fly,
 Or the storms of wrath will sink you,
 Where the worm shall never die.

See the Saviour kindly bending,
 See him look with pity down ;
 Blessed Saviour still befriending,
 See his face without a frown.

See his hand he freely tenders,
 Seize it while his mercy stays ;
 Pardon take for vile offenders,
 Freely take, and sing his praise.

Let repentance fill each bosom ;
 Save the moments which remain ;
 Precious moments ! if you lose them,
 Worlds can't purchase them again.

Now's the time, the day accepted,
 Now by faith to Jesus haste ;
 If the present be neglected,
 You may never see his rest.

Come to Jesus, come, O sinners ;
 Will you come ? or stay behind ?
Come, and be eternal winners ;
Stay, and loss eternal find.

Bemoaning the Absence of God.

Where shall I find thee, gracious God ?
 I know that thou art near ;
 And yet I sigh, and seek, and look,
 And do not find thee here.

Where shall I meet thy smiling face,
 O sun of righteousness ?
 What clouds of darkness intervene,
 And fill with deep distress.

Where shall I find thee, heavenly dove ?
 O send thine influence down ;
 Cheer my benighted soul again,
 My strife with victory crown.

My God, thine absence fills my soul
 With undissembled grief ;
 Thy presence, Lord, and only thine,
 Can bring me sweet relief.

Why hast thou seal'd the doors of heaven,
 And made the skies of brass,
 That while I pray, and sigh and plead,
 My mourning cannot pass ?

I mourn, but all my mourning seems
 Akin to murmuring breath ;
 Justly thy wrath might send my soul
 Away to endless death.

Hard is my heart, the stubborn thing
 No kind relenting knows ;
 O for those beams of melting grace,
 Which God alone bestows !

A dark impenetrable veil
 Before my face appears ;
 No ray of mercy passes through,
 To chase away my fears.

When wilt thou take the veil away,
 My dear Redeemer, when ?
 O bid the dreary clouds depart,
 And give me peace again.

My dear Redeemer, who can tell
 The value of thy love,
 Till once they taste, and thy wise hand
 The blessed cup remove ?

'Tis death itself to all my joy,
 To have thy presence gone !
 Return the cheering light once more,
 And bid the morning dawn.

Break thro', dear Lord, the brazen walls,
 And let my prayers ascend ;
 Once more thy smiling face reveal,
 And then the strife shall end.

I know, my God, that thou art near,
 And thou, my Jesus, too ;
 O could I pierce the veil, and send
 My supplication thro'.

But why, my soul, dost thou complain ?
 'Tis well, the Lord is just ;
 And tho' he slay me, I will hope,
 And in his mercy trust.

My shameful sins provoke his wrath,
 These, these his presence hide ;
 A life of misery I deserve,
 And endless death beside.

Lord thou art just, I own thee just ;
 Slay me, or bid me live ;
 Do as thou wilt, for I am thine,
 Thy grace withhold or give.

Here at thy feet I humbly fall,
 Raise me, or let me lie ;
 Altho' thy presence life might bring,
 'Tis just to let me die.

If thou thy wonted love restore,
 Thy mercy I will sing,
 If not, thy justice I'll adore,
 And own thee for my king.

The love of Christs constrains us,

When the Savior by his spirit
 Finds us sunk and dead in sin,
 And applies his healing merit
 To revive our souls again,
 Then we learn that heaven ordains us
 To a state of endless grace,
 And the love of Christ constrains us
 To admire, adore, and praise.

While we view his condescension,
 See him born, abus'd, and slain;
 See in this his kind intention
 Our salvation to obtain;
 O, what rapture then detains us,
 Near to God we humbly draw;
 And the love of Christ constrains us
 To revere his holy law.

When we read his word most holy,
 Full of light, and life, and love,
 Thence we learn our sin and folly,
 Thence the way to bliss above.
 Sin with folly, how it stains us,
 Grace removes the stain away;
 And the love of Christ constrains us,
 Still to trust, and still obey.

While we view the Jewish nation
 Chosen from the nations round,
 And remark the preservation,
 Which, with them, the scriptures found;

Reason to its bar arraigns us,
 To decide that God was there;
 And the love of Christ constrains us
 To admire in this his care.

Lo, we view, in long succession,
 Prophet after prophet sent ;
 While we view, we want expression
 To describe the blest intent.
 Blest intention, how it gains us
 Over to the Savior's part !
 Here the love of Christ constrains us
 To approve with all the heart.

Kinder still, if greater kindness
 To a Savior's care pertains,
 Thousands to restore from blindness
 His apostles he ordains.
 Still in memory he retains us,
 Still are holy teachers giv'n,
 Still the love of Christ constrains us
 To admire the gifts of heav'n.

O my soul, how great the blessing !
 How the Savior still befriends ;
 Often, when our case is pressing,
 Down the Holy Ghost he sends.
 Holy spirit, how he trains us
 To enjoy eternal bliss ;
 How the love of Christ constrains us
 To adore his grace in this !

Still ideas crowd upon us ;

Why should mercy run to waste ?
 Why, O sinners, will you shun us ?
 Come with us, and mercy taste.
 Still you linger, but it pains us,
 While such plenty here appears ;
 And the love of Christ constrains us
 Still to pity you with tears.

Love ! what mysteries hidden in it ;
 Still unfolding, while we view !
 Scarcely when we once begin it,
 Can we bid the theme adieu.
 Golden band, it sweetly chains us
 Heart with heart our songs to raise ;
 O, the love of Christ constrains us
 To admire, adore, and praise.

Omnipresence of God.

A present God, my soul, adore ;
 Behold his piercing eye,
 And dare indulge thy sins no more,
 Nor think his face to fly.

A present God all nature fills,
 His eye in every place
 The vast creation's numerous wheels
 In open view surveys.

A present God with solemn awe
 Let sinners learn to fear ;

Accept his grace, obey his law,
His just commands revere.

If strong temptations bear thee down,
My soul, consider well,
A present God with angry frown
Could look thee down to hell.

Ye sons of night, in vain ye fly
To shun a mortal view,
A present God with piercing eye
Can look your natures through !

Go, sinners, hide you under ground,
In some dark, dreary den ;
A present God will there be found,
To drive you out again.

With impious hands your crimes pursue,
A present God despise ;
Lightnings at length shall burn you through,
From his incensed eyes.

Reproach the just, abuse the saints,
A present God shall hear ;
And to avenge their long complaints
He will at length appear.

Then o'er the sinner's guilty head
A present God will roll
The thunders of eternal dread,
And blast his quivering soul.

Believing souls, no more, for shame,
Be thoughtless while you pray ;

Admire the grace of Jesus' name,
A present God obey.

Fear not a fellow mortal's wrath;
Your pains with patience bear;
For though the furnace try your faith,
A present God is there.

Here, in the bonds of holy love,
With hearts united live;
And soon eternal peace above
A present God will give.

October 31, 1802.

*A Voyage from Bluehill to Salem, commencing
on the evening of the 24th of September,
1809: written to pass innocently the
hours of leisure, on board the
schooner Minerva.*

As cool September abdicates his throne,
And leaves October entering his domain,
I quit my home, my offspring, and my crown
Of bliss connubial, for the watery plain.

The trading barque, with many a billet stor'd
From Bluehill's forest, in the winding bay
Safe moor'd, receives me, with my little hoard
Of clothes and viands, for the destin'd way.

Her sides I mount, and over tier on tier
Of high pil'd lumber, bear my chest along;

Down the dark cabin now my course I steer,
And take my seat amidst the cluster'd throng.

Confin'd abode ! No spacious halls invite,
Here, to and fro across the snowy floor,
To walk deep musing, or with calm delight
To view the landscape thro' the ample door.

Almighty Power, bestow thy grace divine,
Arm me with patience ; let my soul serene
Without one murmur to her lot resign,
Whatever toils or dangers intervene.

All night we wait the coy, the lingering breeze,
By many an insect in our births beset ;
Short, interrupted sleep, we scarcely seize,
Till rising day resumes her golden seat.

Now from her muddy bed the anchor drawn,
The sails wide spread to catch the coming
gale,
The gale scarce comes, when, on a sudden
gone,
We tow the vessel, but we cannot sail.

With broken rest another night we sleep,
The ensuing day but five short leagues we
make,
Ere Naskeag harbor in its bosom deep
Our sinking anchor for the night must take.

Eleven souls compose our little band,
Each worth a world, but which of all pre-
par'd

For sudden death ? Great God, in thy kind
hand

Take us in charge, and let our lives be spar'd.

We hail another day, our joys renew,

By favoring winds are borne along our way ;
Deer Isle we pass, the Thoroughtare beat thro',
Then lie becalm'd in the Isle of Haut's wide
bay.

Now, lest on rocks the tide should bear us
down,

Here the kedge anchor in the deep we hide ;
Amidst the dangers which around us frown,
We stem the current, and in safety ride.

O may our souls a safer harbor find,

When past life's straits, in fairer seas above ;
Taught by the counsels of the eternal Mind,
Let hope, then, anchor in a Savior's love.

Now, just at night, springs up a favoring wind,

We heave the hawser, but our efforts fail ;
Fast in the rocks the stubborn flukes confin'd,
Nor yield to windlass, nor to force of sail.

The starboard anchor from the bow we take,

Bear it a-head, and in the deep let fall,
Heave home the cable, till the hawser slack,
The loosen'd kedge with pleasure home we
haul.

Soon under way, dark clouds the sky enfold ;
To Vinahaven we direct our way ;

Our barque safe moor'd, its pleasant waters
hold,

And here we wait another opening day.

Chill blows the whistling wind, the pattering
rain

Beats on the deck, all judge a storm is near;
Soon pass the clouds, we prophesy in vain,

The wind is hush'd, the sky serene and clear.

The fourth morn rises, ruddy, in the East,

The sails unfurl'd, we wing our western way;
The wind is free, thro' heaven's kind favor
blest,

With cheerful course we glide along the sea.

High noon the sun scarce gains, before we
leave

Lonely Monhegin; but, ere night comes on,
The wind veers westward, and about we heave,
For Townsend harbor, for the harbor run.

Not long we run, before the wind comes fair

To shape our western course, we tack again,
Press'd with a lively breeze thro' sea and air,
Ere twelve at night, we leave behind Seguin.

Might our affections thus take wing, and fly
From earth's vain scenes with equal speed
away,

Our souls press'd upward towards the world on
high,

Well might we hope to rest in endless day.

Rent are our sails, alas ! Our sheets are
strann'd,

Our leeway rapid, rocks and shoals abound ;
Our cordage in confusion, barque ill mann'd,
And gloomy fogs envelope all around.

Dear, heavenly Master, issue thy command ;
Repair this wreck, with comely order grace
Our barque throughout, our sails anew expand,
Till hope shall anchor in the port of peace.

The fifth bright morning finds us on the deep,
Abreast Wood Island, with a pleasant gale,
The gale soon hush'd, our hope again may
sleep,
Scarce puffs a breeze to fill the shivering sail.

Meanwhile the little birds, on weary wing,
Come hovering round, and seem to ask re-
pose,
Alight, and cherup, too much tir'd to sing,
But fluttering round, their plumage gay dis-
close.

Puss on the deck perceives the tempting prey,
Lies close and still, and eyes the feather'd
game,
Leaps o'er the taffil, plunges in the sea ;
Ah ! simple puss ! her cries our pity claim.

All haste above, a tender interest feel
In puss's fate ; a lash'd long board we
heave,

She gains the board, we draw her home at will,
And poor grimalkin from her fears relieve.

Thus we too oft with eager chase pursue
Earth's fleeting joys, but heedless where we
go,

Miss the gay boon, which so attracts our view,
And plunge, unhappy, in a sea of woe.

High on the top yard perch'd a pigeon sits,
The gunner aims, the harmless bird comes
down.

Good cause there may be, but it ill befits
Man in mere sport, to give a deadly wound.

Meantime the fact should each with caution fill;
The old fowler, Satan, with a skilful eye,
Aims at us all a deadlier weapon still,
Pierc'd with *his* dart, an endless death we
die.

Haste, harmless turtle, to the mountains flee !
Ah ! 'tis too late, thy wings can save no more !
But, O my soul, 'tis not too late for thee ;
Haste, and escape the old serpent's deadly
power.

The wind springs westward, vainly we pursue
The distant ~~Cape~~, discourag'd, back we run ;
In Portland harbor, with the town in view,
We lie at anchor ere the day is done.

Here, vex'd with trials, shall I name the deed ?
Some speak profanely ! 'tis a common sin ;

How far and wide the fruitless vice is spread !
 Forgive them, Lord, and make their conscience clean.

Alas ! Poor sailors, to their state how blind !
 In dangers oft, and oft expos'd to death ;
 How little still to keep their lips inclin'd,
 How much in curses to expend their breath !

The sixth day finds us safe at anchor still,
 And safe at anchor leaves. Be this our prayer,
 To be submissive to *His* holy will,
 Who rules the winds, and makes the sea his care.

Now comes the Sabbath ; with this day begins
 Another week and month. Hail, day of rest !
 Thy sacred hours be honor'd, we our sins
 Ingenuous own, with deep repentance blest.

But O, how prone, while o'er the seas we ride
 Far from the assemblies where the saints appear,
 To spend this day like all the days beside,
 In sloth, vain converse, or in worldly care.


The things reveal'd by God's eternal son,
 This day I read ; earth's woes, the Church's rest,
 Sent by his angel, and declar'd to John ;
 These solemn scenes this day my thoughts arrest.

With these high scenes, meanwhile, with shame
 I own,
 Vain thoughts intrude, and earthly cares as-
 sail,
 While this day's work is due to God alone,
 Earth takes a part, and earthly snares prevail.

 Long held in port, our resignation try'd,
 We ask, and ask again, the favoring breeze;
 But our request is wisely still deny'd;
 The reason why our heavenly Father sees.

 Hush, then, my soul, nor let a murmuring
 thought
 Escape within, nor murmuring word let fall;
 Some future day the reason may be brought
 Clearly in view, and thou approve it all.

 While here we lie, the busy hands on board
 Scrape down and slush the masts, the sails
 repair;
 With new provisons see the vessel stor'd,
 The cabin cleanse, set all in order there.

 Hence take a lesson, O my soul, and see
 That all within in comely order lies;
 My heart well cleans'd, from vain incumbrance
 free,
 Wait with  light a summons from the skies.
 Calm, warm, and pleasant, free from boister-
 ous storms,
 While here in port the passing days have been;
 So may our souls, adorn'd with virtue's charms,
 From storms interior free, be still serene.

The thirteenth morning brings us leave to sail ;
 A showery evening gave the welcome sign ;
 Ere peep of day the northern winds prevail,
 Our prayers are heard, the prospect now is
 fine.

Farewell, House Island ! Portland light, adieu !
 Come, welcome waves, all hail thou briny
 main.

Heaven grant us soon; the risen lights in view,
 To hail with pleasure, and to pass Cape-
 Ann.

Now comes the sickening swell, the vessel
 rolls,
 The head and back are pain'd, the stomach
 heaves.

Yet often thus our heavenly friend controls
 Some latent ill, some long complaint relieves.

Soon dies the breeze, our flattering prospects
 fade,

Yet all is well, eternal wisdom reigns.
 While grace and patience lend their friendly aid,
 My soul, resign'd, from all complaint re-
 frains.

'Tis off with us, as with the varying winds;
 The path of life all zealous we pursue ;
 Our zeal soon sleeps, and our unstable minds
 Slumbering, we bid the heavenly race adieu.

Night finds us beating to and fro with care
 Hard by Boon Island ; here the rocks we fear ;

But to our joy, the wind at length is fair,
 And towards Cape Ann our course direct we
 steer.

The fourteenth morning ushers in the light
 Of holy time again ; with one accord
 May we bid welcome with sincere delight
 This day, made sacred by our sovereign
 Lord.

This morn the distant Cape salutes our eyes,
 Eager, we catch the blue, increasing gleams.
 So may the Sun of righteousness arise
 This day, and bless us with his healing
 beams.

Hail ! Salem harbor ! in thy bosom fair
 This fifteenth night our vessel finds repose ;
 Thanks to our God, whose kind, indulgent
 care

Has brought our voyage to a peaceful close.

Through long delay, to try our faith in thee,
 Thine eye, my God, has been our guardian
 still ;

Has mark'd our path across the dangerous sea,
 And held the storms and boisterous waves at
 will.

Accept our thanks ; thy favor still bestow ;
 Henceforth, dear Lord, be our unfailing
 friend ;

Rest where we rest, be with us where we go,
 And keep us safely, till our lives shall end.

Shipmates, adieu ! We part, perhaps to meet
 On earth no more ; be this our future prize,
 Through faith in Christ, to find a calm retreat,
 Each in the Salem of the blissful skies.

The Day of Judgment.

A Sapphic Ode.

When the archangel, with his awful trumpet,
 Sounds the last summons thro' the wide creation,
 And the ten thousands in the graves alarmed
 Start from their slumbers ;

Then thou, my soul, too, must, the flesh resuming,
 Haste from earth's bosom, to the bar of Jesus,
 Come now to Judgment on a throne of glory,
 Midst throngs of angels.

O how tremendous ! When the earth is burning,
 When the red lightnings flash with peals of
 thunder,
 And heav'n's vast concave trembles in convul-
 sion,

Waiting wide ruin.

See a vast plain spread o'er the cloudy pillars,
 There throng the nations, far and wide extended,
 Saints on the right stand, on the left confounded
 Sinners are trembling.

Hark ! like the roaring of the stormy ocean,
 Or the loud thunder in a day of tempest,

So the Judge, rising with a solemn sentence,
Breaks the deep silence.

Come, all ye blessed, come and take the kingdom,

Grace has prepar'd it from the world's foundation;

Naked and hungry, ye have fed and cloth'd me;
Glory awaits you.

Thus the Judge welcomes, with a look complacent,

Those, who revere him; like a lion, frowning,
Turns to the left then, and, with eyes inflamed,
Dooms the rebellious.

Go hence, ye cursed, to eternal flames go;
When I was hungry, naked, or in prison,
Ye show'd no mercy; mercy now refus'd you,
Hell be your portion!

Ah! What a murmur thro' the guilty host runs;
Horror and anguish, rage, despair and fury
Swell the loud tumult, till the pit receives them,
Plung'd in confusion.

Now the black monsters of the lake of sulphur
Howl out their vengeance, while the jaws of
hell come

Closing tremendous o'er the poor condemned,
No more to open.

Thus the sad race ends of the unbelieving;
While all rejoicing, in the train of Jesus,

Clouds their bright chariots, angels their companions,

Saints rise to glory.

O thou, my soul now, 'midst these scenes so solemn,

Where is thy place found ? With the guilty damned ?

Or blest with Jesus, in the happy mansions,
Where peace is endless ?

See the wide portals of the heavens displaying ;
There the Judge enters with his holy armies,
Then all their harps strike in a blissful concert,
Free grace resounding.

Hark ! the loud triumph swell the songs melodious ;

Lord, thou art worthy to receive our praises ;
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood most precious ;

Lord, we adore thee.

Thus songs immortal thro' the heavenly mansions,

Swelling and rising, full of blisful rapture,
Speak hallelujahs to the King all glorious
Ages eternal.

Adieu to vain care.

Adieu to vain Care,
With patience we'll bear

The evils of life here below ;
 In Jesus believe,
 His free grace receive,
 And when life is done,
 When our last sands are run,
 To the mansions of glory we'll go.

Why should the vain strife
 Of this fleeting life
 Perplex and encumber us so ?
 Let each day have its due,
 As our course we pursue ;
 Soon life will be done,
 Our sands will be run,
 And to mansions of glory we'll go.

To the glory and praise
 Of our God, and the ways
 Of justice and peace we'll attend ;
 True holiness seek,
 Be humble and meek,
 Then banish all sorrow
 And fear for to-morrow,
 Still trusting our heavenly friend.

While here we abide,
 Tho' faith may be try'd,
 The comforts of life God will send,
 Tho' pain with our pleasure,
 May mingle in measure,
 Be silent our sorrow,
 Perhaps ere to-morrow,
 We rest with our heavenly friend.

The Power of Faith.

When Adam fell, the solemn sentence came,
 From dust thou art, and shalt to dust return ;
 Despair succeeds to guilt, remorse and shame,
 And warring passions in his bosom burn.

Those words of grace, "The woman's seed
 shall bruise
 Thy head, O serpent," caught his wounded
 ear,

Like heavenly balm he feels the grateful news,
 It soothes his sorrow, and dispels his fear.

Now Faith is born, and thro' each following age
 Displays her victories. On God's word she
 leans,

With firm assurance, stay'd by every page,
 And views with calmness earth's tumultuous
 scenes.

With heaven-ward eye she pierces thro' the
 shade

Of moral darkness ; on a throne of love
 Sees Jesus smiling ; and with friendly aid
 Leads many a pilgrim to the worlds above.

See in her train a goodly, martial throng
 Of valiant heroes ; victory forms their crown ;
 With stately step, erect, they march along,
 And tread the armies of the tempter down.

First godly Abel leads the sacred van ;
 Thro' the long period of four thousand years

The heavenly mystery of the true God—man,
For sin a victim, to his faith appears.

Mov'd by the prospect, from his flock he brings
The tender firstlings; these as victims slain,
He paints the sufferings of the king of kings,
Then falls a victim to the wrath of Cain.

Next heavenly Enoch, with a godly pace,
Marches conspicuous. Down his view he
bends,
'Till time's swift chariot ends its circling race,
And Christ to judgment with his saints de-
scends.

The faithful prophet warns the sons of men
Of wrath to come for all their deeds unclean;
Walks with his God three hundred years, and
then
Rapt to the skies, no more on earth is seen.

As time rolls on, the blood-stain'd earth we
view,
Red with the crimson of the vilest sins;
Then righteous Noah, to God's interest true,
High o'er the throng, with heavenly splen-
dor, shines.

He, timely warn'd, the threat'ning word be-
lieves,
Builds the vast ark himself and house to save;
A high reward victorious faith receives,
While unbelievers find a watery grave.

Great Abraham next, for strongest faith renowned,

Stands in the train ; he leaves his native land,
Wanders a stranger thro' the nations round,
Led in his way by faith's unerring hand.

Submissive, long he waits the promiss'd heir,
Receives his Isaac, but must soon resign ;

"Go to Moriah's top, and offer there
Thy son to me, I claim the lad as mine."

So God commands ; he hears the high behest ;
Nor stops to parley ; goes the appointed way,
Binds his dear son, with whom so lately blest,
And takes the knife with full design to slay.

"Abraham forbear !" the covenant angel cries ;

"It is enough ; thy faith sincere I see ;
As stars for number shall thy offspring rise,
And all the nations shall be blest in thee."

And who are these ? In Pharaoh's court they stand,

Before the stubborn king. Moses the meek,
And godly Aaron. Egypt's wasted land,
By these subdu'd the power of faith shall speak.

And who is this ? With sword in hand he goes ;
Thro' Jordan's flood the host of Israel leads ;
The wall of Jericho before him bows,
And at his feet the strength of Canaan bleeds.

'Tis Joshua ! Salvation in his name,
A type of Jesus in his lot he stands,

His steady faith, and numerous victories claim
A generous tribute at our willing hands.

To speak of Deborah, Barak, Gideon brave,
Jephthah and Sampson, would the verse extend

Beyond due limits ; yet for these we leave
This friendly praise, before the theme we end ;

These all were valiant in the cause of God ;
Faith gain'd their victories, led them to renown ;

The noblest path to endless fame they trod,
And won the prize of an unfading crown.

Shall faithful Samuel here be left unsung,
Whose word the thunder and the rain obey'd?
Shall David pass with silence o'er my tongue,
Who bore away Gath's Champion's sever'd head ?

No ! They are worthies, who deserve our praise,
And imitation. Let us in our sphere
Like them be faithful ; 'twill their honor raise,
And show the tribute of our thanks sincere.

Elijah speaks ; the rain is long withheld ;
And at his word the widow's oil and bread
Forbear to fail. Faith makes a little yield
A long supply, and long the poor are fed.

The priests of Baal in his zeal he slew,
On their dumb idol cast abundant shame ;

Call'd fire from heaven in wondering Israel's
view ;

And rose to glory in a car of flame.

His falling mantle good Elisha caught,
Shar'd of his spirit, and like faith obtain'd,
Like worthy deeds by faith in Israel wrought,
And a like crown of heavenly glory gain'd.

And didst thou fly, when good Elisha fell,
All conquering Spirit, heaven-born Faith,
away ?

Are there no wonders of thy works to tell,
Since that far distant, highly favor'd day ?

Why should we ask ? Do we forget the den,
Where the dear Daniel with the Lions lay ?
Faith tames the Lions ; Daniel comes again
Safe, unmolested by those beasts of prey.

Do we forget the fiery furnace too,
Where the fierce flame with sevenfold ven-
geance burns ?

At faith's loud call e'en great Immanuel flew,
And hell's bright image to an Eden turns.

The three blest worthies, from their bands re-
leas'd,

Walk to and fro, and breathe a fragrant air;
Nature was chang'd, the force of fire had ceas'd,
For nature's God with sovereign power was
there.

The train of worthies, here devoutly sung,
March not alone ; ten thousand thousand
more,

Thro' time's long lapse, augment the valiant
 throng,
 To victory led by faith's all conquering power.

Prophets, apostles, saints of every name,
 With holy martyrs, her kind influence own,
 She rends the veil of flesh and sense in twain,
 And shows Immanuel on a spotless throne.

Come, heavenly Power, and kindly dwell with
 me,

A poor, blind wanderer in this world's wide
 maze ;

Immanuel's beauties teach my soul to see,
 And aid my tongue to sing Immanuel's praise.

But soon, O Faith, thy charge thou must re-
 sign ;

Chang'd as we are, let this thy thought em-
 ploy,

Thou, too, must change, and faith to sight di-
 vine

Must yield the palm, and hope to endless joy.

*The prophecy of Habakkuk, rendered from the
 Hebrew into English metre.*

CHATER 1.

THE BURDEN, WHICH THE PROPHET HABAKKUK
 SAW.

How long, O Lord, shall I
 Lift up my mournful cry,

And thou refuse to hear ?
 Must I to thee in vain
 Of violence aloud complain ?
 To save the oppressed wilt thou still forbear ?

Why is it I must see
 Evil, O Lord, from thee ?
 And mischief why behold ?
 What wasting wounds my eyes !
 What violence before me lies !
 Their strife is furious, their contention bold.

Why is the law set by ?
 And judgment from on high,
 Why does it not proceed ?
 The wicked lurk around
 With snares the righteous to confound,
 Thus cruel wrong in judgment takes the lead.

Among the nations see,
 Fixt in attention be,
 Yea, wonder in the extreme ;
 For I in this your day
 Will such a work of power display,
 That, tho' foretold, it will a fable seem.

I make to your surprise
 A hasty nation rise,
 The fierce chaldean race ;
 They march, a powerful band,
 Their wide spread ranks fill all the land,
 And habitations, not their own, possess.

Where'er they turn their way
 Their presence gives dismay,
 And awful terror brings;
 Their judgment is their own,
 And from themselves, themselves alone,
 Their pride of strength, their excellency springs.

Their horses, train'd for war,
 More swift, than Leopards are,
 More fierce, than wolves by night;
 From a far distant home
 Their numerous troops of horsemen come,
 Swift as the eagle in her downward flight.

To spoil, and take the prey
 They drive their furious way;
 As o'er a burning land
 An east wind sweeps along,
 So come their faces; fierce and strong,
 They gather captives numerous as the sand.

They sport themselves with kings,
 Princes with them are things
 Worthy of scorn; and all
 The bulwarks, as they pass,
 They view as stubble, or as grass;
 They heap up dust, and scale the highest walls.

They change at length their mind,
 To evil still inclin'd,
 They overleap all bounds;
 The honor, due to heaven
 For this their strength, is basely given
 To their own idol, and to him redounds.

But thou art Lord alone,
 Eternal is thy throne
 My holy One, my God,
 O Lord, we shall not die ;
 For judgment thou hast rais'd them high,
 And hast ordain'd them a chastising rod.

Thou art of eyes too pure
 Transgression to endure,
 Mischief thou canst not see ;
 Why the perverse regard ?
 Why holdest thou thy peace, O Lord ?
 The vile devours the man more just than he.

Thou causest men to be
 Like fish, that cleave the sea ;
 Or like a worm of dust ;
 Or like some creeping thing,
 That has no guardian, guide or king,
 Whose steps to follow, and whose care to trust.

All on the hook made sure
 He draws his prey ; secure
 In his deep net it lies ;
 And in his throw-net found,
 'Tis there with art encompass'd round ;
 For this his shouts of joy and gladness rise.

The incense due to heaven
 Thus to his net is given,
 And to his throw-net burns ;
 For 'tis by these he thrives,
 By these in wealth and pleasure lives ;
 By these his meat to choicest marrow turns.

But may he, must he still
 His net with treasure fill,
 And make it overflow ?
 Must he persist to slay
 Defenceless nations in his way,
 Nor yet a spark of tender pity show ?

CHAPTER 2.

To hear my Lord's command
 Upon the watch I stand,
 Yea, on the ramparts high
 I stay, and wait to see
 What he will deign to say to me,
 And what to my reproof I must reply.

Thus spake to me the Lord,
 This was the faithful word,
 Go, make the vision plain ;
 On tables broad and fair
 In written marks the sum declare,
 That they, who run, may read, nor read in vain.

For to a time decreed
 The vision shall proceed,
 Then speak, nor faithless be ;
 Tho' distant seem its date,
 Its close with quiet patience wait,
 For come it will, and will not long delay.

Behold, the haughty mind,
 To lofty things inclin'd,
 His soul is base within.
 But the upright and just,

Tho' his own goodness he distrust,
Finds thro' his faith a full discharge from sin.

But he, who sins by wine,
Is proud, nor will confine
His feet at home ; his soul
Craves, like the grave, and he
Saith not enough, but fain would see
The world his own, subdu'd to his control.

Shall not the world in turn
Take up a word in scorn,
And thus, insulting, say ;
Wo to the man of state,
By others' wealth made rich and great ;
When will he cease to load himself with clay ?

Will not *they* quickly rise,
Who shall, to thy surprise,
The biting serpent play ?
Will not *they* soon awake,
Who shall thy soul with trembling shake,
And cause thy treasures to become their prey ?

As thou hast made a spoil
Of many nations' toil,
The people, who remain,
For blood which thou hast shed,
And mischief o'er the city spread,
And men and land, shall plunder thee again.

Wo to the man, whose mind
Is to vile gain inclin'd,

With this his house to fill,
 That he aloft may fly,
 And firmly fix his nest on high,
 Himself to rescue from the power of ill.

Thou hast consulted shame
 For thine own house and name,
 A blot which shall not cease ;
 While nations and their lands
 Have been cut off by thy vile hands,
 And thou hast sinn'd against thy life and peace.

For this e'en from the wall
 The stone aloud shall call,
 And raise a mournful cry ;
 The hard knot from the beam
 To hear its neighbor's voice shall seem,
 And in return shall make a loud reply.

Wo to the man, who would
 Rear up a town with blood,
 The blood of many slain ;
 Who does profanely dare
 A spacious city to prepare,
 And make it stable with unrighteous gain.

Behold, whence can it be
 That in the fire we see
 The people toil and strive ?
 That nations e'en for nought
 With pain and weariness have wrought ?
 From the Lord's counsel does not this proceed ?

As the vast ocean's bed
 With water is o'erspread,
 So shall the earth abound
 With a transporting view,
 And with a sweet experience too
 Of the Lord's glory thro' her spacious round.

Wo to the man, whose wine
 Is offer'd with design
 To make his neighbor sin ;
 To thee, whose bottle given,
 Thy friends to drunkenness has driven
 That thou their shame mayest view with eyes
 unclean.

Instead of high renown,
 Reproach shall be thy crown ;
 Drink thou, and show thy shame,
 The cup of God's right hand
 Shall turn to thee, and thou shalt stand
 With filthy vomit spread upon thy fame.

On thee from Lebanon
 The evil thou hast done
 Shall fall ; the spoil of beasts
 Shall make themselves afraid
 For blood of men, which they have shed,
 And waste, which on the land, and on the city
 rest.

Its maker what avails
 His graven god ? It fails

To help ; the molten thing,
 Which teaches only lies,
 To stay his hope will this suffice,
 That speechless idols from his hands should
 spring ?

Wo to the man, who saith
 To wood, which has no breath,
 Awake ; and to the stone
 Rouse up. But shall he teach ?
 The god, which has no voice, no speech ?
 Gilded and silver'd, but to life unknown ?

But far above the sky
 Jehovah sits on high ;
 His bright perfections there
 His holy temple fill ;
 Before his face, O earth, be still,
 His voice in silence let all nations hear.

CHAPTER 3.

A PRAYER OF HABAKKUK UPON SHIGINOTH.

Perhaps it means, upon an instrument of varied, or mixed sounds ; or an Ode corresponding with various measures.

Lord, I have heard thy fame ;
 I tremble at thy name ;
 Jehovah, living God !
 Thy work amidst the years revive,
 Amidst the years let knowledge thrive,
 In wrath let mercy mitigate the rod.

The Lord, the mighty God
 In state from Teman rode,
 From Paran's lofty hill.
 His glory veils the nether skies;
 His solemn praises as he flies.
 The wondering earth beneath his chariot fill.

As light, around his throne
 A glorious brightness shone;
 And in his hand appear
 Two mighty horns in dread array,
 To give his enemies dismay;
 His power is in them, he conceals it there.

Before his frowning face,
 With gloomy, sullen pace,
 Goes pestilential death;
 Contagious fevers round his feet
 Lie scatter'd with their burning heat,
 Like living coals enkindled by his breath.

He stood; the earth he spann'd,
 His eye the nations scann'd,
 And drove them far and wide;
 The eternal mountains, broken, fled;
 The ancient hills bow'd low their head,
 When in his wrath old time beheld him ride.

I saw in evil plight,
 (It was a mournful sight,)
 The tents of Cushan lie;
 Trembling and fear on Midian seize,

Her curtains shake, as in the breeze
The dry leaf shivers, when a storm is nigh.

Did thy fierce anger burn
Against the streams, and turn
Against the seas, O Lord ?
That on thy horses thou didst ride
Through the rough billows, o'er the tide,
And on the chariots of thy saving word ?

Thou didst in anger show
Quite bare thy dreadful bow,
Thy promise to fulfil,
As to the tribes thou oft didst swear ;
(Mark this, ye heathen, and beware ;)
The dry earth ran with many a pleasant rill.

The mountains saw thee, Lord,
They tremble at thy word ;
The floods of waters fly ;
The vast abyss, the mighty deep
Rouses his billows from their sleep,
And roars aloud, and lifts his hands on high.

The sun and moon stood still ;
They wait thy holy will,
Fixt in their high abode ;
Thy shining arrows bid them go,
They speed their flight, for well they know
The glittering spear of an almighty God.

Thine indignation burns,
Downward thy fury turns,
Earth feels thine angry tread,

Like sheaves of wheat beneath thy stroke
 Thy wrath the guilty nations broke,
 And left them pale, and still, among the dead.

With thine Anointed thou
 To save thy friends didst bow
 The heavens, and crush their foes ;
 Yea, thou didst break the head of pride
 Venturing from where the vile reside,
 And the bare back to thy just rod expose.

Then his unwall'd towns
 Felt thine avenging frowns ;
 With his own shafts their chief
 Thrust thro', was slain ; they raise a storm
 My strength to break ; they shout, they arm,
 To waste the wretched where they seek relief.

Then thou didst take thy way
 Thro' the loud, roaring sea,
 With horses bounding high ;
 Yea, thou didst march amidst the heap
 Of foaming billows thro' the deep ;
 The proud waves tremble, when thy wheels are
 nigh.

With quivering lips I hear
 The sound ; I shake with fear,
 My very bones decay ;
 I quake within ; O may I rest
 The day my people are distress,
 When the foe rises to devour the prey.

Altho' the figtree cease
 To bloom, and no increase
 Hang on the vine, nor oil
 The olive yield ; nor flock be found,
 Nor herd in fold or stall, the ground
 Fail to repay the weary laborer's toil ;

Yet will I praise the Lord,
 Still trusting in his word,
 And shouts of triumph raise ;
 My heart shall bound, my tongue shall sing,
 I'll bless my Maker, and my King,
 The mighty God of my salvation praise.

The Lord, my God, shall be
 For health and strength to me ;
 And like the bounding roe
 Shall make my willing footsteps fly
 O'er craggy rocks and mountains high,
 Nor let me fear the dangerous steeps below.

To the chief singer on my stringed instruments.

TO THE READER.

The march of *intemperance* during a few years past has been so rapid, and with such gigantic steps, that every true friend of the nation must, upon serious reflection, tremble for the consequences. Millions of Dollars are an-

nually wasted for millions of gallons of poison, which is swallowed by the inconsiderate, and thousands are made occasional maniacs by the fatal potion; thousands more are hurried to an untimely grave, and their souls sink down into an awful, irretrievable ruin. Every christian and even every true patriot, in the view of this, should feel himself bound by the strongest ties to apply the weight of his influence to check the spreading infection. The case of habitual sots is nearly hopeless; but those just entering upon the pernicious career may be induced to stop, and reform, and the temperate may take warning and beware. One mode of attack may have the better effect upon one, another upon another, for the turns of mind are infinitely various. I feel constrained to attempt something; the circle of my acquaintance has my example; the following lines, perhaps, may reach beyond that circle, and will have, I would hope, some good effect where my example cannot be seen.

THE AUTHOR.



See the vile drunkard, how he reels,
 How like a fool he looks and feels;
 Reader, be warn'd, and shun the way,
 Which leads to ruin, while you may.

SATAN'S GREAT DEVICE.

When now twelve hundred years had roll'd
 Since *Pagan* lost, in Rome, his hold,
 And *Pope*, with every subtle snare,
 Mounted in state his holy chair;
 And, aided by the Dragon's art,
 Began to play his treacherous part;
 When long his engines had been try'd
 To feed the Hierarchal pride;
 When prisons, racks, and burnig flame,
 And tortures keen of every name
 Had many a hypocrite reveal'd,

And many a saint in glory seal'd ;
 Nor all his handling, rough and rude,
 Had yet the heretics subdu'd ;
 When now, despis'd among the nations,
 Indulgencies and dispensations,
 Had justly sunk, to rise no more,
 And all the streams which fed the power
 Of Papal empire had begun
 To shrink away, and cease to run ;
 When, too, Mohamed's great delusion
 Began to blush in sad confusion ;
 And thro' the midst of heaven on high
 The angel now began to fly,
 With God's revealed will in hand,
 To preach aloud to every land ;
 The prince of darkness plainly saw
 His sway on earth began to draw
 Near to a close. With much chagrin
 He curbs his burning malice in,
 And, arch deceiver, as he is,
 He meditates some new device ;
 How yet once more the christian world
 Down from its honor may be hurl'd,
 And he, before he shall be bound,
 May give the church a mortal wound.

While on a rock beneath the zone
 Of torrid heat he sat alone ;
 (It was a rock, which crown'd a hill
 Upon a western India isle,
 For warmest climes congenial seem
 For one, whose home is burning flame,)

Thus on a rock he sat, and frown'd,
 And cast his glaring eyes around
 On fertile plains beneath his feet,
 Where wav'd the *cane* in rows so neat,
 And toiling slaves the long-liv'd day,
 Beneath the lash of barbarous sway,
 Hard ply the hoe. At once a train
 Of thought, ill-omen'd, thro' his brain
 Darts like a flash; elate he springs
 Upon his feet, then spreads his wings,
 His dragon wings, and round he flies,
 While joy infernal from his eyes
 Sparkles and beams. With one loud call
 The host that join'd him in his fall
 He summons to attend; they hear,
 And on the wing from far and near
 Come hovering round; he leads their way,
 And, much a foe to open day,
 A cavern dark and deep descends,
 Which from a mountain's side extends
 Down to its base. While this they enter,
 And push their journey to its centre,
 As Milton sang in days of yore,
 Their wings & limbs contract once more;
 They shrink to serpents small and thin,
 Whose hisses raise a dreadful din,
 Loud echoing round their gloomy cell,
 As where a thousand vipers dwell.
 Collected thus, their prince glides round,
 To find, if here there might be found,
 Some throne of state, on which to rest,
 And from it rear his spotted crest.
 At length he feels a rising cone,

A petrefaction much like stone,
 Form'd where the mineral waters drop
 From some small crevice near the top
 Of this dark palace. Round he coils,
 And upward from the base he toils,
 The summit gains, his head he rears ;
 Exalted thus above his peers,
 He calls for silence ; all is still.

“ Friends and companions, hear my will,
 “ In fix'd rebellion well you know
 “ We're leagu'd against a mighty foe,
 “ The prince Immanuel. Long the strife,
 “ Till on the cross, bereft of life,
 “ We saw him hang ; hell thunder'd then
 “ With exultation ; all the den
 “ Of Pluto rang with dreadful roar,
 “ As when a sea-storm beats the shore,
 “ But when he rose——ah, fatal day !
 “ Our exultation issu'd in dismay.

“ Thus dash'd we lay a little space,
 “ But courage soon resum'd its place ;
 “ The spirit of revenge revives,
 “ Untam'd within us still it lives ;
 “ New arts we try'd ; our foe has found
 “ We would not tamely quit the ground.
 “ Long we inspir'd the Pagan power
 “ His strictest followers to devour ;
 “ We made their blood in rivers flow,
 “ To keep Immanuel's kingdom low.
 “ When these arts fail'd, we quickly trac'd
 “ Another plan, by all embrac'd

" Of this our court. We take the name,
 " And then the place of christians claim.
 " Full many a cheat, by us possess'd,
 " The holy faith of Christ profess'd ;
 " These step by step that faith profan'd,
 " Till scarce a trace of truth remain'd.
 " To their own taste the Church they fram'd,
 " That what their lust and avarice claim'd,
 " From crowds of fools they might obtain,
 " When bound in superstition's chain,
 " Ages roll'd by, while this our trade,
 " Thus driven by superstition's aid,
 " Kept our opposer's followers down,
 " A wretched few, and scarcely known.

" At length some bolder spirits rose,
 " Our deep devices to expose ;
 " Huss, Jerome, Wickliff lead the van,
 " Luther and Calvin near them stand ;
 " These with their followers take the field,
 " And so the sword of scripture wield,
 " That our delusions cleft in twain,
 " We strive to bind them up in vain.
 " Since then, 'tis true, we've nobly fought
 " To bring Immanuel's cause to naught ;
 " His church with schisms have sorely rent,
 " And arms to Deists too have lent,
 " Have rais'd up Atheists, and have fill'd
 " The christian world with fancies wild ;
 " Taught some to think that all the race
 " Of man shall find abundant grace
 " Beyond the grave ; that none shall know

" A doom of never-ending wo.

" But now, my friends, we must confess—

" In vain the fact we would suppress—

" The hated cause the world around

" In spite of all is gaining ground.

" Nor only this ; one thing, I fear,

" Declar'd in scripture, may be near ;

" I need not name the mighty chain,

" But wish in this my fears were vain.

" But shall we lie subdu'd, forlorn,

" And be the whole creation's scorn ?

" No ! Short as yet may be our reign,

" We'll try our subtleties again.

" These fertile isles, which round us lie,

" Have not escap'd your eagle eye ;

" The juicy *Cane*, luxuriant here,

" Where Spring and Summer rule the year,

" Shall rear its head on every plain,

" And give its sweets from every vein.

" These sweets, distill'd by art, shall yield

" A powerful spirit, this to wield

" With dexterous skill must be our care,

" And make it prove to all a snare."

" Well spoken, this is bravely said !"

As from the ground he rais'd his head,

That grovelling serpent, *Bacchus*, cri'd,

And in addition thus repli'd ;

" Much I have done of yore by wine

" To turn the race of man to swine ;

" But far more hence shall be my merit ;

" In skilful use of ardent spirit,

" Dame *Fashion* now shall be my bride,
 " I'll keep her with me near my side ;
 " Her rules, you know, are more obey'd,
 " Than laws by Medes and Persians made,
 " My rightful Sovereign, if you please,
 " She shall establish rules, like these.

" Whenc'er a friend perchance comes in,
 " The full decanter must be seen,
 " And round the well replenish'd glass
 " Again and yet again must pass,
 " Till every guest, both old and young,
 " Shows wisdom fled by faltering tongue.

" Again, there ne'er must be a crew,
 " That e'er a job of work shall do,
 " On road, or bridge, or house, or ship,
 " But thrice a day must more than sip,
 " Yea, large allowance must receive,
 " Or their employers soon must leave.

" Again ; Let scarce a meal be made
 " At noon without a table spread,
 " And good WEST-INDIA on it stand,
 " And Brandy too, or near at hand.

" Again ; Let scarce a hand be found
 " To reap the grain, or till the ground,
 " Or in the field to mow the hay,
 " Without his gill, at least, a day.

" Let all who on the water sail,
 " Be well supply'd, and never fail

“ Two gills a day, at least to draw,
 “ And let it be a common law.

“ Again ; Let sumptuous feasts abound,
 “ Where bowl, or glass, goes often round ;
 “ Let days of mirth and scenes of glee
 “ With ardent Spirits honor'd be ;
 “ In this be liberal, or your share
 “ Must be the name of churl to bear.

“ For young, for middle ag'd, for old,
 “ Against the heat, against the cold ;
 “ To give them strength, or zest for food,
 “ To cheer their spirits, warm their blood,
 “ To guard against disease, or heal
 “ Whatever malady they feel——
 “ What must possess the highest merit ?
 “ Why this, it must be ardent spirit.”

He said ; the dreary vault around
 Echo'd applause in hissing sound.
 When ceas'd at length the smoky throngs,
 And silent were their forked tongues,
 Their prince repli'd, “ But who will aid
 “ In this her task the changeful maid ?”
 A serpent heard, who in the dust
 Was half envelop'd ; out he thrust
 His murky head, his name most common,
 In scripture known, is that of Mammon ;
 He said, “ Be that my charge, I'll go,
 “ And earth will traverse to and fro,
 “ With thirst of Gold will thousands fill ;
 “ The planter, him, who owns the still,

"The merchant, and the trader small,
 "With one disease infect them all.
 "These well may deem, if tippling reigns,
 "Their coffers will receive the gains;
 "With these let *Fashion* first begin,
 "And gild the bait to hide the sin;
 "They will not parley long, I ween,
 "But soon her votaries will be seen.
 "When these Dame Fashion well shall gain,
 "A world of followers in their train,
 "As pride, or pleasure, thirst, or fear,
 "Shall prompt, will grace the spacious rear."

This said, the legions hiss again
 A loud applause thro' all their den.
 "Go," said their Chief, "and sallying forth,
 "Speed your swift flight, or South or North,
 "Or East or West, as best may seem
 "To favor our important scheme.
 "I, too, in different places found,
 "May sometimes trace the world around;
 "But here, as in the heart of sin,
 "My long abode has chiefly been,
 "And here the cause of mischief may
 "Chiefly require my future stay."
 While this the prince of Dragons said,
 Erect was every serpent's head;
 But when he finish'd, all around,
 Dropp'd in a moment to the ground;
 In this their full assent they show,
 In this express obeisance low.
 Down from his throne their prince descends,

Across the cave his course he bends,
 Climbs to the door, and gains the light,
 And spreads his wings again for flight.
 Legions on legions in his train
 Come forth to open air again ;
 Transform'd with wings and feet anew,
 Each to his task, away they flew.
 Fill'd, as they are, with burning zeal,
 The nations round their influence feel ;
 Impell'd by them, with favoring gales,
 To Afric's coast the slave ship sails ;
 Inspir'd by them, the sooty sons
 Of Afric's dreary, burning zones,
 Wage war, and prisoners seize and sell,
 In cruel slavery long to dwell.
 Inspir'd by them, on many a plain
 The planters rear their towering *cane* ;
 Sweet plant of rich, salubrious juice,
 When not perverted in its use ;
 But now, transform'd to liquid fire
 To feed the factor's vast desire
 Of gain, around the earth it flows
 In copious floods ; where'er it goes
 It charms the smell with rich perfumes,
 And various different forms assumes
 To please the taste ; the taste it charms,
 And cheers the soul, but soon disarms
 The will of all its wonted force,
 And reason leads in devious course.
 Not thus at once ; it may be long,
 Before its influence is so strong
 O'er some, who fall. At first they sip.

And hardly dare to wet the lip,
 Nor would, if Fashion did not say,
 " 'Tis custom, and you must obey."
 But, as they sip, the flavor pleases,
 Will wavers, appetite increases,
 By repetition habit grows,
 Resolve breaks down, the tide o'erflows ;
 Reason lies prostrate, reputation
 Is fled, and sweeping desolation
 O'erspreads the economy within,
 And leaves them thence the slaves of sin.

Thus walks the wasting mischief round,
 Till, as the mushrooms from the ground,
 Late moisten'd with abundant rain,
 Rise up the tippling shops, and gain
 Abundant custom ; gather'd here
 The rich, the poor, in crowds appear ;
 The high, the low, the learn'd, the simple,
 As if 'twere in a holy temple
 On truths of deep concern to wait,
 And thence to learn their pending fate.
 O how 'twould cheer the holy preacher,
 If in his office, as a teacher,
 Such willing crowds were daily near
 The sober truths from heaven to hear !
 But no ; God's house in many a place
 Now stands abandon'd in disgrace.
 Some, who the sacred office bear
 Of holy teachers, in the snare
 Are fast entangled ; some, who plead
 The civil law, in this agreed,

With Baal's sordid prests shake hands,
While near a sprung physician stands,
And boasts aloud his wonderous skill
With patent wares to cure or kill.

In Christian lands, the world around,
In many a Christian church is found——
Nay, 'tis too much to be believ'd——
Yes, 'tis the truth, I'm not deceiv'd——
In many a church there's more than one,
Whose soul by tippling is undone,
Who yet, the discipline so slack,
Retains his place, and will not lack
His full proportion in the wine,
And thus profanes a holy sign.

See what a rabble through the nation
Pervades each village, each plantation,
And swarms in every larger town,
To bear the course of morals down !
By night how many a wretch, so sunk,
That we may truly say, " He's drunk,"
Lies in a kennel, street, or barn,
A fit example now to warn,
Where sense and reason yet remain,
From ways so fatal to refrain.

Columbia, richly favor'd land,
Why should'st thou wear so dark a brand
On reputation, late so high,
Rais'd by thy virtues ? Tell me why ?
Shall the vile Demon's treachery foil
Thy growing fame, thy beauty soil ?

Must his device, though deep, and laid
 With skill infernal, seem array'd
 With such appalling power, that we
 His humble servants all must be ?
 Is there no *zeal* in all the land
 Between the quick and dead to stand ?
 None to combine a worthy host,
 Ere every blessing shall be lost,
 To stand well arm'd with faith and prayer,
 Good counsel, grace, example fair,
 And stay this plague, though satan's last,
 And greatest effort, ere 'tis past
 The limits of control ? Rouse every name
 Enroll'd a child of God, and claim
 The leave to bear an active part
 In circumventing our deceiver's art.

Say, fellow Christians, can we hope
 To keep the mission spirit up,
 And save the heathen, while ~~we~~ sink,
 Plung'd in inebriating drink ?
 The heathen will be sav'd ; but God,
 If thus we still provoke his rod,
 Will rise in wrath, and take away
 From us his kingdom, and convey
 The blessing where the fruits that rise
 Shall show it is a welcome prize.

Alas ! what crowds of souls descend,
 Daily to hell, by this arch fiend
 The prince of darkness, drawn astray,
 And lur'd along in sin's dark way !

Not those unclean with lust or blood,
 Nor those who make the world their God,
 Nor bold revilers, nor oppressors,
 Nor the black list of such transgressors,
 As thieves and *drunkards*, shall obtain
 A place where joy and gladness reign.
 No; they must sink forever down
 Beneath God's just, and angry frown,
 In scorching flames with anguish crying,
 And seeking death, but never dying.

Meanwhile the devil smiles to see
 What fools the sons of men can be,
 Proud of their own abundant skill,
 Yet led blind captives at his will.
 So smile his angels, while they boast
 Their power to draw so great a host
 Of simple followers in their train,
 The slaves of drink, of lust, and gain.
 Dame Fashion smiles, and Bacchus too,
 To see the feats their skill can do;
 And Mammon smiles; and Baal Peor,
 Who once inspir'd the son of Beor
 On Moab's plains to weave a snare
 To catch the sons of Israel there,
 Smiles with the rest; and well he may,
 For ardent spirits pave the way
 For filthy lusts, and deeds unclean,
 Which sink a nation deep in sin.

Come, holy Angel, bring thy Chain,
 Cramp the vile Demon's deadly reign;
 Thy fellow servants' tears and cries

Shall bend at length the favoring skies,
 The high behest shall soon be given ;
 Come, then descending down from heaven,
 Seize the old serpent, bind him fast ;
 Down to the burning centre cast,
 There, like a lion, let him roar,
 Doom'd to ascend to earth no more,
 Till ten long centuries' happy days
 Have wheel'd their flight in joy and praise.

I and Conscience ; or a Dialogue on Universalism.

KIND READER,

The following lines were commenced, and about three hundred of them written, during a short absence from home, in the former part of the present month. They have been brought to a close by seizing on intervals of leisure, intervening in the midst of more pressing occupations. As the author firmly believes that the future punishment of the wicked will be endless, he seriously fears that the contrary sentiment may induce many to neglect, till the close of present life, the only preparation for a happy death. He fears that such, too late, and to

their eternal dismay, will find themselves forever lost!

It is hardly expected that this piece will be the instrument of reclaiming any, who are settled in the belief of universal salvation ; but it is hoped that some wavering minds will be established in the truth by means of it, and that it will prevent others from being drawn away from their steadfastness. That it may at least be the occasion of preserving some few precious souls, through the blessing of God, from final ruin, is the desire and prayer of the Author.

May 20, 1825.

I and Conscience.

I. Hail, happy thought ! My soul, no more
repine ;
Live as thou wilt, the bliss of heaven is thine.
How wast thou vexed, in days and years gone past,
'To think hell torments must forever last !
'To think with life the sinner's hope must close,
And death consign him to eternal woes.
(Vile scheme of priest-craft, fitted to enchain
The timid mind, and half its force restrain.)
Now thou art free ; eternal death's a lie,
'Twas bravely said, "Ye shall not surely die."
8*

Conscience. Hail, happy thought !—There is
 a righteous God,
 If 'tis his word,—“ There is no painful rod
 “ In store, when sinners end this life's career,”
 We hail the tidings and dismiss our fear.
 But something whispers, “ Such flesh-pleasing
 news,
 “ Without strong proof, the prudent must
 refuse.”
 God's holy word alone can proof supply,
 If proof thence fail, the guilty soul must die.

I. In Adam dead, we merit endless pain ;
 In Christ we rise to endless life again.
 So speaks the apostle, or in substance this ;
 The word secures us everlasting bliss.

Con. We die in Adam, and in Christ, its plain,
 Our dust from dust shall all be rais'd again.
 Read well the context, thence it may be seen,
 'Tis this alone the apostle here must mean.
 We rise—to what ? The saints to endless fame ;
 To what the wicked ? To eternal shame.—
 Live, then, in sin, and still for glory hope ;
 Will base perversion keep thy courage up ?

I. For sin we suffer, while on earth we dwell,
 This may suffice, we need no other hell.
 How fares the bullock, till for service broke ?
 He feels the scourge when coupled in the yoke,
 Not when releas'd ; he then is free to feed,
 And rove and gambol in the verdant mead.

Gon. Say thus the scriptures ? Similies you know,
 From nature drawn, will not suffice to show
 In this dispute, or what we may receive,
 Or must reject ; 'tis then I would believe,
 When scripture speaks, and meets the listening ear
 With language simple, relevant, and clear.
Depart, ye cursed, into endless fire,
There with the devil bear the thunderer's ire,
And with his angels. This is clear and plain,
 This you assail with similies in vain.

I. If to plain scripture you confine me down,
 I may be baffled, you may take the crown.
 One point I yield ; there may be some small
 doubt
 Of bliss immediate, when our glass is out.
 But all shall rise, not from the dust alone,
 But from hell's dungeon to a heavenly throne.
 Should some vile sinners, not on earth reclaim'd,
 Be sent to prison, God could not be blam'd.
 But suffering souls in hell's dark prison bound,
 Even *there* once heard the gospel's joyful sound.
 By this at length, with flaming vengeance join'd,
 They must be melted, and for heaven refin'd.

Con. The text is doubtful ; it may seem to
 break
 In beams of hope on prisoners in the lake
 Of burning wrath ; but other texts more plain
 O'ersshade the prospect ; all such hope is vain.

No doubt the Savior once the saint inspir'd,
 The godly Noah, by his Spirit fir'd
 Long to remonstrate, preach, and pray, and
 plead ;
 But the old world to this gave little heed,
 Till in the deluge, when too late, they saw,
 'Twas death to trample on their Maker's law-
 They sank to prison ; there in chains they lay,
 When Peter wrote, and still forever may.
 Not in mere fragments heavenly truth is seen,
 The scope of scripture shows what fragments
 mean.

I. Will Sodom's captives yet again return ?
 Where are her captives ? Lo, in hell they burn.
 With Israel's captives these must be restor'd,
 So speaks the prophet, so the prophet's Lord.
 If Sodom's captives, why not all the throng
 Of souls return, and join the heavenly song ?

Con. By Sodom's captives God may here
 intend
 The Gentile nations ; these he will befriend ;
 On some day future these, with Israel's seed,
 Shall own the Savior, and be blest indeed ;
 But the lewd race, that sunk, when Sodom fell,
 Remain an emblem of an endless hell.

I. By one man's sin God's judgment came
 on all
 To condemnation ; death, *by law*, must fall
 On every soul. By one the gift most free
 Comes too on all. Salvation then must be

To all awarded, or the parallel,
 Drawn by the sacred penman, runs not well.

Con. If ought in scripture you might justly
 claim

To bear you up, (and yet the proof is lame,)
 'Twere this one passage. But I would not trust
 My fate on this, *that your conclusion's just.*
 By one transgression, ('twas the test design'd
 To fix at once the state of all mankind,)
 By one transgression all man's future race
 Became expos'd to endless, deep disgrace ;
 By one man's merit, in obedience pure,
 To all believers life is made secure ;
 Nor this alone, the grace is rich and full,
 Should all apply, it would embrace the whole.
 The way is open ; he, who will, may take
 Life's water freely for the Savior's sake.
 But will the wretch, who offer'd grace shall
 spurn, .

Till life's last moment, yet in hell return
 To God repenting ? Say, will vengeance melt
 What love can't soften ? Who, that ever felt
 The force of each, will dare to say it can ?
 Who dares affirm has not the heart of man.

I. The sense most obvious, which in scripture
 lies,

This is the sense we should most highly prize ;
 The text before us speaks in words too plain
 To be relinquish'd, till it speak again.
 How comes the gift on all to justify,
 And life bestow, if some must always die ?

If man's salvation be alone of grace,
 How can conditions in the plan have place ?
 Methinks to save the very vilest may
 The most abounding, richest grace display.

Con. The parts well weigh'd, to reverence
 we are bound

The sense most obvious in the scriptures found ;
 This I accord, to this position cleave,
 On this the issue I would freely leave.

The scope of scripture plainly holds to view
 Two different classes, all the volume thro' ;
One, Adam's seed, the whole apostate race ;
The other, Christ's, the final heirs of grace.

The former, all expos'd to wrath divine ;
The latter, all secur'd in heaven to shine.

The gift, in offer to the former free,
 To all the latter so appli'd shall be,
 That none shall miss ; these, mov'd by grace,
 will take

The proffer'd boon, their evil ways forsake,
 And ripen thus for glory ; all the rest
 Will pass in sin the period of their test,
 In sin be harden'd, unrelenting still
 Retain in torments their rebellious will.

Take, ye who please, the rich abounding gift,
 To heaven in love your hearts relenting lift,
 You'll then with joy by sweet experience know
 The gift can justify, and life bestow ;
 These mild conditions do not form the ground
 On which sustain'd the gift of grace is found,
 But so conditions, that, if grace be spurn'd,
 We lose salvation, tho' it can't be earn'd.

God often does the worst of sinners move
 By his free spirit to receive his love ;
 This magnifies the gift of grace, but still
 God, as a sovereign, moves but whom he will.
 In making scripture sweetly harmonize
 Our greatest wisdom in explaining lies.

I. Since you insist on scope of scripture now,
 Their scope reveals a time, you must allow,
 (The scriptures witness) when all things restor'd
 Will be submissive to creation's Lord.
 The Mediator is ordain'd to reign,
 Nor hold the sceptre, nor the throne in vain,
 Till every creature, high and low, shall own
 The power and kingdom is the Lord's alone.
 Then every knee shall bow, and praise be given
 By all on earth, by all in hell and heaven.
 What need we more, as proof divine, to show
 That all in heaven, and all on earth below,
 And all in hell, shall then, reclaim'd and blest,
 Join one sweet song, confirm'd in endless rest !

Con. To the poor convict, in a prison bound,
 Expecting death, how sweet would be the sound
 Of general pardon ! But on earth how few
 Share the rich blessing. Here and there we view
 A lonely case ; while general justice claims
 The death of thousands. What a throng of
 names

Have made their exit, where good laws have
 reign'd,

That general order might be well sustain'd.
 It is no wonder sinners, doom'd of God

To feel the vengeance of his holy rod,
 Unless repentant, should desire to find
 In God's blest word some balm to cheer a mind
 Resolv'd on sin, yet oft alarm'd with fear,
 Lest endless death should close its vile career.
 Such may be tempted on a slender thread
 To hang their hope of shunning what they dread.
 A restitution is indeed reveal'd,
 When heaven and earth in settled order seal'd,
 And hell with these for endless years to come
 Shall see confirm'd a just and holy doom.
 But will the sinner be restor'd, and rise,
 And devils too, and dwell in blissful skies ?
 I read not thus. When cruel Dives fell,
 And rais'd his mental eyes, inflam'd in hell,
 Far off he saw in realms of holy rest
 The late scorn'd beggar, now with Abraham
 blest,
 He saw, and sought, with sevenfold anguish
 wrung,
 One friendly drop to cool a burning tongue,
 But sought in vain. An awful gulf extends
 'Twixt him and heaven ; whatever soul intends
 To pass the chasm, it finds the task too hard ;
 Shame, disappointment, are its best reward.
 The time indeed will come, when all shall bow,
 And every tongue confess, above, below,
 And this confession will high honor bring
 To him, who reigns of right in glory King.
 Some will confess with undissembled joy ;
 Some thro' constraint ; their Sovereign will
 employ

Their wrath, and howlings, and tremendous
 pain,
 While sin's due merit they at length sustain,
 To praise his justice. Death and dark despair
 Are left in hell to reign forever there.

I. The rich man's case, if 'twere a history
 given
 Of mercy sought by one in hell from heaven,
 Could not be literal truth. A soul have eyes ?
 Voice and a tongue ?—Suppose a spirit flies
 Thro' burning flames with water ne'er so cool
 When from the fountain, he must be a fool
 Who, tho' in misery, would indulge the hope
 To find a cordial in the scalding drop.

Con. In hell are fools. But waving this,
 you know
 Language in figures can suffice to show
 Truths high and glorious with peculiar force,
 And energy sublime. Trace to their source
 The figures here. The following truths they
 teach

With all the force of plain and literal speech ;
 First ; That the pious will, tho' poor, ascend,
 Convoy'd by angels to the ancient friend
 Of God, the patriarch, in whose seed are blest
 All, who on Christ in true reliance rest.
 Next ; That the wicked, tho' they live in state
 On earth, in riches and in honors great,
 Must at their death sink down in flames to dwell,
 Where God's strict justice has prepar'd a hell
 For sinning angels. 'Twixt this awful place

And heaven is fix'd an intervening space,
 Which none can pass. The saints, in heaven
 secure,
 Shall find their bliss thro' endless years endure ;
 But those condemn'd in hell's dark vault must
 lie,
 Barr'd out forever from the blissful sky.

I. The scriptures teach that all events must be
 Fixt from the first on God's all wise decree ;
 That God's vast power no creature can control ;
 Who then can think that he would make a soul
 For endless wo ?—Tho' in one mighty band
 Earth league against it, his decrees will stand.

Con. Yes, God's decrees the universe sustain,
 His holy purpose to resist is vain.
 His power is boundless. If it were his will,
 He could preserve the universe from ill
 In all its parts. If not, then ill might run
 Thro' endless years, and millions be undone
 In spite of heaven. This lower world we know
 Even now abounds with wretchedness and wo ;
 If on the will of creatures all depend, .
 Who knows how far the mischief may extend ?
 But God is good, almighty, just and wise,
 Nor will he suffer sin and wo to rise
 One cubit higher, than the needful pain,
 From new revolt his kingdom to restrain.
 Pain is, and has been ; who but God can see
 Why 'tis not needful pain should always be ?
 That men and angels can indulge in sin,
 And merit wrath, is plain from what has been ;

That some forever should deserve and take
 An awful portion in a burning lake,
 Tho' man's weak reason may against it rise,
 The omniscient God may see it just and wise.
 From first to last by him, and him alone,
 Events yet future are completely known ;
 We know what *will be*, as *his word* reveals,
 We pry in vain for what his will conceals.

I. You drive me to the scriptures ; I confess
 'Tis right on these to lay the greatest stress
 In this debate. The scriptures must declare
 How long, or short, the future sufferings are.
 But God is good to all, so David said ;
 O'er all his works his tender mercies spread.
 Can this be true, if some forever miss
 The way of life, while others reign in bliss?

Con. 'Twas good in God to give his only Son
 To die on Calvary for a world undone ;
 Then for repentance to allow a space,
 And send the gospel and the means of grace
 Was tender mercy.—Then so long to bear
 With creatures proud and vile, who boldly dare
 Much to insult him, this is mercy too ;
 But he, whose mercy is so great, is true
 To all his attributes ; his justice claims
 A worthy place among his sacred names.
 On harden'd sinners, when his wrath shall fall,
 The dreadful sentence he will ne'er recall ;
 The word declares that such at last will go
 To bear the weight of everlasting wo.

**I. The mighty hills in ancient story fam'd,
 Are in the scriptures everlasting nam'd ;
 With earth they stand, but must with earth
 decay,
 When wrapt in flames the earth shall waste
 away.**

**The wo of sinners may be long no doubt,
 And still the period of their wo run out.
 May longer last, than everlasting hills,
 While God their cup of bitter vengeance fills,
 Nor yet be endless. When their debt is paid,
 They may come forth in heavenly robes array'd.**

Con. That *everlasting* from its natural sense
 Sometimes departs, admits of good defence ;
 When thus it does, the meaning we must gain
 From some connexion, which may make it
 plain.

**Hills, *everlasting* call'd, it's true expire,
 When earth itself must be consum'd with fire.
 But when the subject may the sense admit
 In common use, to take it so is fit.
 The plain strict sense the greek would here
 express,**

**If to its fountain we the term shall trace,
 Which may be done by help of learned page,
 Is *always being ; ever during age.*
 Who doubts the endless, happy life of those
 Who die in Christ ? The Holy Spirit chose
 The self-same terms to fix the future date
 Of pain and woe in that tremendous state,
 To which the sinner sinks. 'Tis quite unjust,**

If in our reasoning we the inference first
Assume, which should be shown, then strive to
bend

Plain terms aside to aid a better end.

The sacred gospel in the green *gospel* end;

There stands the term a score of times, or
more,

Translated *everlasting*; there, save where to
pains,

To desolation, punishment, and chains

The word applies, it may by all be seen

That nothing short of *endless* it can mean;

Why then restrict it, when the sinner's doom

It would determine in the world to come?

So oft for endless Christ's disciples use it,

If here we limit, plainly we abuse it.

That souls condemn'd their debt will ever
pay,

And rise from prison to the realms of day,

Such souls may wish, but where does all the
word

Of such event one cheering hint afford?

I. Christ paid our debt; if sinners then
believe

At length his gospel and his grace receive,

Tho' long ere this to hell's dark prison thrown,

God will restore them and the payment own.

Why may not suffering in the next world prove

Means to reclaim and win the sinner's love?

Cons. To this in part I have repli'd before,
9*

But here may add in brief a few words more.
 Should souls in hell by faith sincere embrace
 The holy Savior and accept his grace,
 They might, perhaps, be pardon'd; still, perhaps,

Not thus; let time of present life elapse,
 Conditions all may fail them; then *too late*
 They must apply, and plead at heaven's gate.
 If not, what ground to hope that future pain,
 Sent to reform would not be sent in vain?
 When was the robber, when the thief by force
 Of scourge, or prison, led to change his course?
 The sacred vials of the wrath of God
 Are pour'd on sinners; while they feel the rod,
 They still provoke him, and blaspheme his
 name;

Vain is the hope that vengeance will reclaim.
 Six thousand years their course have almost
 run,

Since fallen angels were by sin undone,
 Mean while a heavy weight of wrath divine
 Has rested on them, but they cleave to sin.

PART SECOND.

I. If, as the scriptures *do appear* to show,
 All things from God's eternal purpose flow,
 Then men and angels, be they what they may,
 The law of strong necessity obey.
 But can a God, whose very name is love,
 Blest in himself, and blessing all above,
 Millions of angels, and of men, compel

By firm decree in endless pains to dwell ?
 It shocks the soul ; for gentle ears it sounds
 Too harsh, and every tender feeling wounds !

Cons. The lamb that bleeds beneath the
 shepherd's knife,
 And looks, and seems to say, " O spare my
 life,"

May feel it hard, when innocent, to die,
 And with its flesh the shepherd's board supply.
 Millions of emmets, when a field we burn
 Die in the flame ; but can we not discern,
 The lamb, the emmet, as of man you say,
 The law of hard necessity obey ?
 If lamb, or emmet, at our will resign
 Life, sweet to them, and we mean while design
 No equal good, it must in us be *vile*,
 Unkind, yea cruel ! Nay, you need not smile ;
 'Tis this alone, *a greater good to gain*,
 Which makes it right to give the smallest pain.

Compar'd with him, who built the earth and
 skies,
 That good immense might into being rise,
 We all are emmets ; and a thousand years
 But as a day in his account appears.
 He knows what should be ; who but he can tell
 Why sin has being, why a burning hell ?
 Could we but search the works of God through-
 out,
 Wisdom immense we might perceive no doubt
 In all he wills to be. Suppose we *this*,

'That endless pain subserves the cause of bliss,
 And may be managed by unbounded skill
 The greatest sum of happiness to fill ?
 May not that Being, who the truth must know,
 Say of this pain, most wisely, *Be it so ?*
 Methinks he may. But here we all should own
 One thing in scripture taught, nor there alone,
 We feel it in ourselves ; *Heaven's high decree*
Is so fulfill'd, that every man is free
To will whate'er he pleases ; free to choose
 The way of life, and death's dark way refuse ;
 Or, disregarding God's and reason's voice,
 Choose death, and glory in his fatal choice.
 If, warn'd by heaven to choose the better part,
 We stop our ears, and with a stubborn heart
 Feel pleas'd with sin, and sinful habits form,
 And here grow ripe for an eternal storm
 Of future vengeance, who can justly blame
 God, or his counsels, or impeach his name ?
 God never did, and never will compel,
 By force, a man, or angel, to rebel,
 Nor by persuasion. Yet events may stand
 In such connexion, fix'd by his wise hand,
 That things perceiv'd, as motives, may prevail
 With some to stand, while others yield and
 fail.

Here's the grand puzzle, How it can be said,
 That all events just what they *are* are made
 By God's decree, and yet all creatures feel
 Free, as they please to purpose, or to will,
 And are thus free.—But 'tis our narrow mind

Which makes the puzzle ; by our sins made
blind,

We rove bewilder'd in some devious way,
And miss the path where all is light and day.
The tide flows freely ; mounds and dykes re-
strain

Within due bounds the tossing, towering main ;
But in its nature still the flood remains,
Free in itself, in spite of all its chains.
The righteous sufferings of an endless date
In some, secure a persevering state
Of holiness in others. Thousands lie
In pangs of death, that millions ne'er may die.
The pain of hell an endless barrier forms,
Lest sin o'erflow, and fill the world with storms.

Be this our axiom, *God is wise and just ;*
Let who will suffer, then, he suffer must,
Or for his sin, or by his own consent,
On some good purpose, like the Savior bent.

A while the thought of heaven's decree lay
by,

Say future actions all contingent lie,
Unfixt, unknown ; What is, and has been, may,
For ought we know, take place another day.
Rebellion has been ; man's unstable will
May turn to sin, and raise rebellion still.
So may the will of angels, till the world
In one vast chaos of confusion hurl'd,
Be full of woe. As souls can never cease
To be, the woe forever may increase.
Shocks this the soul ? Does pity feel a wound,
And gentle ears revolt from such a sound ?

Full well they may. Far better to endure
 The thought of pain eternal, made secure
 Within strict limits ; pain, the due reward
 Of wilful sin against a holy Lord,
 While he, great Sovereign, suffers sin to rise
 So high, nor higher than may just suffice
 Millions of worlds in constant bands to hold
 Of pure allegiance, and his name unfold
 In all its glory. That it will be thus
 Not our weak reason must decide for us,
 But his blest volume ; let us well survey
 The scope of this, it will our pains repay.

I. I own the scriptures not so plainly show
 A final close of future sin and woe,
 As I could wish ; they rather hint the thing,
 Than full conviction to the inquirer bring.
 Long penal sufferings they may seem to teach,
 Yea, everlasting for the single breach
 Of one command. But may not this be done
 To awe the unwary, lest too far they run
 In sin's career, and lengthen out their doom
 To painful sufferings in the world to come ?
 Mov'd by the fear of everlasting death,
 They may be virtuous, and resign their breath
 When summon'd hence, with better hopes to
 rise
 Quick from their death-bed to the blissful
 skies.
 But minds more stable, and of wider ken
 May in the word for all the race of men
 Find grace, deep treasur'd from the vulgar
 throng,

And draw it forth to raise a thankful song.

Cons. If on the scriptures you would raise
your scheme,

Those very scriptures you must make a dream
Unworthy of your trust. Arts you employ
Your frame to strengthen, which its base des-
troy.

If such plain language, as the scriptures use
Of endless suffering, we may dare refuse,
And build a system so immensely great,
As yours, on hints that scarce can bear the
weight

Of motes and feathers, we may well dismiss
The word at once, and dream no more of *bliss*
On scripture grounds, and infidels may turn,
And Jesus Christ and his salvation scorn.
Are you decided? Say, in calm review,
Do you, or not, admit the scriptures true?

I. I sometimes doubt, but on the whole be-
lieve;

The prophecies constrain me to receive,
And treat with honor, deference and respect,
What otherwise I might, perhaps, neglect.
If there's a God, and he be good and just,
And kind, and worthy of his creatures' trust,
He would not leave them to so large extent
To lean on fables, as the plain event
Proves, if the book so many highly prize,
Be but a mass of forgeries and lies.
I own the scriptures are a book divine,

Whence beams of light, and grace, and glory
shine.

Cons. Hear, then, the word.—The substance
I shall quote,
And would with care the obvious meaning note;
The hypocrite may hope; his earthly gains
may rise;
God takes his soul; his expectation dies.
The thoughts of bliss, which fill'd his vacant
head,
Were dreams suspended on a spider's thread,
Which breaks at death, then scatter'd o'er the
ground
His airy house is all in ruin found.
But if at death the hypocrite should find
Eternal glory for his lot design'd,
When some few ages shall have pass'd away,
Would his hope leave him in such sad dismay?
Princes are powerful, and in thought may
claim
Beyond the grave to share eternal fame;
But the vain thought must leave them, with
their breath,
To sink despairing in eternal death,
Save on the God of Jacob they rely,
And rest their hope on him who built the sky.
The man of God, belov'd and much caress'd,
With revelations in abundance blest,
Declares that many from the dust shall rise,
That life and glory shall reward the wise;
But burning shame and deep contempt be cast

On all the rest, while endless ages last.

**Thy hand offending, sever from thine arm,
Thus to be maim'd, and live, how small the
harm ;**

**But to descend with both our hands to dwell
Wrapt in the ne'er extinguish'd fire of hell,
Where the worm, deathless, will not cease to
tear**

The very vitals, must be hard to bear.

**Thy foot offending, amputate, and leave
Behind, and go, and heavenly peace receive,
Much rather, than with both the feet descend,
Where burning wrath and guilt shall never end.**

**Thine eye offending, from the socket torn,
Freely dismiss, the loss you'll hardly mourn,
When heaven rewards with never ending bliss ;
But, both eyes favoring, endless joy to miss,
And sink to hell, where galling conscience
wrings**

**The soul with anguish, while with deadly stings
It wounds forever—O how great the loss !
How far more wise to bear an earthly cross.**

**To those once bidden to a sumptuous feast,
Who scorn'd the invitation, 'tis express'd
In terms direct, that they shall never taste
Of that rich supper ; all their names eras'd
From life's fair book, to endless famine driven,
They ne'er shall share the pleasant fruits of
heaven.**

When the wise Virgins, with their lamps
 alive,
 To meet their Lord, at heaven's fair gates ar-
 rive,
 They find a welcome, enter and are bless'd ;
 But the strong door is barr'd against the rest.
 They plead for entrance, but in vain they plead,
 Disown'd, rejected, they are lost indeed.

Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way
 Which leads to life ; but few the word obey,
 And gain the prize. Perdition's gate is wide,
 And broad the way of death, and, side by side,
 Admits ten-thousands. But will these return,
 And leave the quenchless flames of wrath to
 burn
 Without their fuel ? Will they be receiv'd
 Where few shall enter ? Was the Lord de-
 ceiv'd,
 Nor knew that all in long successive train
 Should soon or late the heavenly mansions
 gain ?

Except of water and the Spirit born,
 None see God's kingdom, but must go forlorn
 To dwell with satan ; will they be renew'd,
 And sanctify'd in hell ? Or foul with sin in-
 trude,
 Where no defilement enters ?—What is said
 In God's blest word, when life and time are
 fled ?
Then comes the night, when none can work. The
day

Of man's probation then is pass'd away.
 Except on earth my heaven shall be begun,
 This single sentence leaves my soul undone.

I. Since to the scriptures you would have me
 cleave,
 Ere you proceed you'll doubtless give me leave
 One passage more from holy writ to name,
 Which may a serious explanation claim.

The Son eternal by his God we find
 With glory crown'd, that he for all mankind
 Might taste of death; the cause of this was
 grace;

And did he die in vain? Or will the race
 Of man entire from sin and death be rais'd,
 That grace abounding may by all be prais'd?
 If, as it is, it may be *truly* said,
 He died for all, then all indeed were dead,
 Why die for dead men, if they still must lie
 Dead in their sins, I ask the reason why?

Cons. I deem it no intrusion, you are free
 To state the scriptures unrepov'd by me.
 Through grace the Savior has the curse sus-
 tain'd

For all men once, and has for all obtain'd
 A way to pardon; where the gospel sounds,
 Richly for dying sinners grace abounds;
 Pardon and peace, and life, and joy, and hea-
 ven,

To all repenting, are most freely given.
 All have a power to understand, to feel,

And what the scriptures for their use reveal
To choose, if 'tis their pleasure ; what then
more

Needs to be done to open heaven's door
To all who hear ? They're left without excuse,
And if they perish, 'tis for vile abuse
Of offer'd mercy. But a sovereign Lord
May or withhold, or add his powerful word,
To change their hearts ; his all-pervading eye,
If he withhold, perceives the reason why ;
And, all things weigh'd, must know it will be
best

To leave them short of his eternal rest.

I. I add no more ; the labor would be vain,
While thus you choose the scriptures to explain.

Nor do I blame you, what you say seems fair,
But should be weigh'd with persevering care.
I own I waver. I might shut my eyes,
And say at once your reasonings are but lies,
But this I will not ; if I should, I know
That mere assertion cannot make them so.
It may be safe in all at least to fear
That endless death will close the mad career
Of headstrong sinners. Let us now repent,
Believe on Christ, and wait the great event,
When, far away the clouds of darkness roll'd,
The light of heaven will all the truth unfold.

Cons. Not from the wish to give a moment's
pain,
Do I your doctrine to the test arraign ;

But fear lest error in the head should make
 The heart decline, and ways of danger take.
 If in the end *your* system should be true,
 I still am safe ; if *mine*, O where are you !
 One passage more, 'tis near the bible's close,
 May help your system further to expose.
 Thus speaks the Savior, just as time has done
 His revolutions round the expiring sun,
 'Tis man's last sentence, ' He that is unjust,
 ' So let him be ; and he, defil'd with lust,
 ' Be filthy still ; and he, that's righteous found,
 ' Still may his truth and righteousness abound.
 ' The pure and holy, henceforth let them be
 ' From sin and folly ever pure and free.'
 This puts a seal on all the future doom ;
 On that of saints for endless joys to come ;
 On that of sinners for an endless state
 Of shame, dishonor, misery, and hate.
 It shuts the scene, the righteous are enclos'd,
 The rest left out, to endless wrath expos'd.

CONCLUSION.

I start from slumber.—'Tis the trumpet's
 sound ;
 "Awake, ye dead ; the judgment seat sur-
 round."
 The Judge appears ; a throne, sublime in
 height,
 On cloudy pillars, and of snowy white,
 His awful seat ; the parting heavens retire,
 The earth enkindles with devouring fire ;

The graves their treasur'd dust, the seas their
charge

Resign together ; millions walk at large
On earth's broad surface, then on clouds ascend,

Where plains ethereal far and wide extend
Before Immanuel. Guided by his hand,
Or on the right, or on the left they stand.

The righteous on the right, their joys begin ;
The wicked on the left, defil'd with sin,

Tremble with fear. A deep and general awe
Commands wide silence, while the eternal law
Unfolds its pages.—' Come, ye blest, and take

' In my great name, prepar'd for my own sake,
' A heavenly kingdom.—Ye my hunger fed,
' And quench'd my thirst ; when sick, ye made
my bed ;

' And when a stranger, to your homes ye led,
' And o'er me, naked, friendly garments spread.

' And when in prison, to my help appear'd,
' And there my grief with friendly visits cheer'd.'

With modest look, and humble, downcast
eye,

Then to their Judge the righteous thus reply,

' When saw we thee, thus hungry, sick, and
poor,

' And thus suppli'd thee with the needful
store ?'

The King rejoins ; ' When thus the least of all

' My friends ye pity, I receive it all

' As done to me.' His flaming eyes he turns

Then to the left ; his holy anger burns—

' Depart, ye curs'd, to everlasting fire,
 ' Such as the deeds of devils well require.
 ' My thirst, my hunger, nakedness and cold,
 ' With hard, unfeeling hearts, ye could behold;
 ' When sick, or bound, to aid me ye forbore,
 ' And when a stranger, thrust me from your door.'

Thus to the wicked. They the weighty charge
 Would fain deny, and plead their cause at
 large,

As if not guilty. But the King proceeds;
 ' As to my brethren in their various needs
 ' Ye did it not, your doom will justly be,
 ' As if in fact ye did it not to me.'

This heard, they sink to ever during pains,
 The righteous rise where joy eternal reigns.

How sad the sinner's case ! His mouth is
 stopp'd ;

His expectation ended ; all he hop'd
 Of good is gone. But should he urge the plea,
 That in the word some glimmerings one might
 see

Of restoration from his awful state,
 When some few ages have fulfil'd their date,
 How would his soul sink down in dark despair
 To hear the Judge explicitly declare :—

" I warn'd you plainly to avoid the fire
 Which never's quench'd ; to mortify desire
 Of what is ill, and shun the woful place,
 Where the worm, guilt, survives to endless
 days.

Did I then trifle ? Was my meaning this,
 The fire is endless, you may rise to bliss,
 When some few ages shall have pass'd away,
 And leave poor guilt to endless flames a prey ?
 Base implication ! Would I thus deceive,
 And by deception make the world believe,
 Save bolder spirits, that its lusts expose
 To real, dreadful, everlasting woes,
 When no such thing's intended ? They blas-
 pheme,
 Who thus pervert my truth's unerring beam.
 When I would make the holy patriarch say,
 A gulph tremendous intercepts the way
 'Twixt heaven and hell, a gulph, which can't
 be past,
 Have you, more skilful, found a way at last
 To overleap it ? Impudent and vain !
 The wilful error doubly bolts your chain.
 When souls redeem'd shall praise in heaven
 my name,
 And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,
Praise, endless praise to our Redeemer, God,
Who bought our ransom with his precious blood,
 Will you, the debt immense of justice paid,
 By your own suffering, in the balance weigh'd,
 Be found not wanting, and among them stand
 To marr the anthems of the blood-bought
 band ?

" Have I not plainly said, *the night will*
 come,
When none can work ; and will you prove that
 some

In that same night, the night beyond the grave,
 Can work to purpose, and from ruin save
 Their souls, then lost ?—There is a deadly sin,
 Which springs from such malicious hate
 within

Against the Holy Ghost, it never knows
 The softening tear, which from repentance
 flows,

Nor finds forgiveness, nor in earth, nor hell,
 But seals the soul in endless pains to dwell.
 And dost thou, rebel, dare affirm it may
 Receive forgiveness in some future day ?

“The wretched wantons, who polluted die,
 Must in their filth a long forever lie ;
 So in the gospel’s utmost, closing page
 I have impli’d ; and dare you then engage
 They will be wash’d, and from the lake ascend,
 Among the saints an endless day to spend ?
 If my blest volume in its parts no more
 Than this agree, you may your toil give o’er,
 My word abandon, give it to the wind,
 And in some other name your future safety
 find.”

“Ye sons of men, ye sinners—all are such
 From Adam sprung ; be little, or be much
 Your share of knowledge, this you all may
 know ;
 God is your Maker, all on earth below,
 And all in heaven proceeds from his wise
 hands,
 And he is just in all his law commands.

That you are sinners your own conscience tells,
 Your sum of guilt each lawless purpose swells.
 For such as you my gospel brings the balm
 To heal your souls, and your just fears to calm;
 My holy word the only way reveals
 To move the weight the laboring conscience
 feels.

The way is this : made sick at heart of sin,
 Deny and leave it. As your lives have been
 Slaves to the devil, let them now be free
 From his vile service, and be bound to me.
 This is repentance. Then with joy receive
 What God's true record calls you to believe
 Of me, my nature, sufferings, work and grace ;
 And on this record in reliance place
 Your hope, that God in his abundant love
 Will freely pardon, justify, and move
 Your souls by his good Spirit to obey
 His law, and run in his most holy way.
 This is true faith. This do, and ye shall live ;
 This do in truth, and God will freely give
 Not for your sakes indeed, but mine alone,
 A title sure to an eternal throne
 Of state in glory, and a crown of peace,
 And joy extatic, which shall never cease.
 This is the way. 'Tis simple, clear and plain,
 None who pursue it, will pursue in vain.
 But if you slight it, and refuse, till death
 Comes with commission to remove your breath,
 Know—for by oath I solemnly protest,
 Your souls undone, shall never see my rest."

" Come then, ye simple, bow a friendly ear,
 My admonitions with attention hear ;
 Take the rich, proffer'd grace, nor deem it
 hard

To part with sin for heaven's divine reward.
 Does not the merchant wait with sleepless eyes,
 Till his rich barque shall bring the golden
 prize

O'er the broad tract of wide extended seas,
 And feel dependent on the favoring breeze ?
 How toils the husbandman, what pains endures,
 Till timely rain, till genial heat matures
 The crown of his desires, and Autumn yields
 The yellow harvest from the smiling fields ?
 How fights the warrior, how he dares expose
 His life, his all, to meet invading foes !

Why thus ? For this ; he hopes the time will
 come,

Though years may intervene, when, welcom'd
 home,

And crown'd with victory, all his toils shall
 cease,

And leave him resting in the arms of peace.

" And will not you, since now through grace
 you may,

My kind advice, ye sons of men, obey,
 And join my standard, and with hell and sin,
 Arm'd with resolve, the contest now begin,
 And fight unyielding, till the field is won,
 And you are crown'd ? Or will you be undone
 Through sinful sloth ? O choose the better way,
 And reign with me in realms of endless day."

*Address to the intemperate ; an imitation of
Bruce's address to his soldiers.*

Friends, whom oft I would have fed
With the choice of heavenly bread,
Given by him, who freely bled
Once on Calvary ;

If in sober mind you think
Best your precious souls to sink
In inebriating drink,
Give no heed to me.

But if you your souls would save,
If you've hopes beyond the grave,
If in virtue you'd be brave,
Hear my warning voice ;

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
Lest the dragon you devour,
Rise and break his fatal power,
Heaven will then rejoice.

Who so base would live a sot,
Fix upon his name a blot,
Die despis'd, and be forgot ?
Let him tempt the snare.

Would you rise to high renown ?
Would you wear in heaven a crown ?
Dare to meet a mortal's frown,
To be temperate dare.

Now the resolution make ;
Quit your cups, your wine forsake ;

Wisdom's better counsel take ;
 Seek a heavenly prize,
 Sin renounce, the world deny,
 On a Savior's grace rely,
 Let the love of pleasure die,
 Then to glory rise.



Catharine Brown.

The following lines were written, before the
 memoirs of this very interesting young Chero-
 kee appeared ; they have only a general appli-
 cation to her.

Friendly Moon, with snowy face,
 Shine, and guide my lonely way,

While the narrow path I trace,
 While I thro' this meadow stray,
 Pleasant is thy silver beam
 Dancing on the rippling stream.

Now the thickets' darksome shade—
 (Must I thro' the thicket venture ?)
 O, it makes me much afraid,
 While its gloomy arch I enter,
 Lest the wild-cat, wolf, or bear,
 Lie in secret ambush there.

Now 'tis open field again,
 Light around, and open sky ;
 Now I see the poney's pen,
 Now my father's cot is nigh.
 Homeward thro' the field I stray,
 Moonlight marks my lonely way.

Tell me, queen of lonely night,
 Are the stars thy children dear ?
 Will, one day, their faces bright
 Large and round, as thine appear ?
 O how light would be my way !
 Then the night would seem like day.

Wast thou partner with the sun,
 When the fields and hills he made,
 When he bid the rivers run,
 When the forest wide he spread ?
 Didst thou help him spring the fountains ?
 Didst thou help him raise the mountains ?

Didst thou help him make the Doe,
With her flesh so rich and sweet ;
Buck, and Elk, and Buffaloe,
All to give us daily meat ?
In our cottage, O how bless'd
On their skins by night to rest.

Did you make the corn, the bean ?
Did you make the pumpkin round ?
Did you spread the flowery green,
To adorn the open ground ?
Pretty flowers, how sweet they smell !
Who their many names can tell ?

O, now tell me, did you make
Lightning, stormy wind, and thunder,
Ugly toads, the poison snake ?
Who could make such things, I wonder !
Are they useful ? Do we need them ?
Did not night and darkness breed them ?

Now, my brother, is it *you* ?
Why so late ? Had you been near,
When I pass'd the dark shade thro',
'Twould have banish'd all my fear.
But pray tell me, who's within
Sitting on the Buffle's skin ?

Sister, 'tis a Mission-man,
Come to tell who made the sky,
Made the earth, and how we can
All be happy, when we die ;
How Great Spirit dwells above,
Very holy, full of love.

Says we all one sister, brother,
 From one couple all descend ;
 All one father, all one mother,
 And should all be friend and friend,
 But, as we our lives begin,
 So we live in guilt and sin.

Now, my brother, I don't think it ;
 White man's very bad, you know ;
 He makes whiskey, make us drink it,
 Much good will he seems to show ;
 But will rob us, cheat and leave us ;
 Mind, this white man will deceive us.

Sister, we'll go in, and hear,
 His interpreter will tell ;
 Silent, we may all sit near,
 And may understand him well.
 If he speak what's good and kind,
 We may his instruction mind.

PART SECOND.

Friendly Moon, with snowy face,
 Made to rule the darksome night,
 Now again my path I trace,
 Aided by thy silver light.
 Pleasant is thy snowy beam
 On the forest, hill, and stream.

Pleasant are the lamps on high,
 Hung around thy midnight throne,
 Pleasant in the azure sky

Shines by day the golden sun.
But ye all are creatures still,
Guided by a Maker's will.

Far above you reigns in power
An eternal, holy Lord ;
Him should heaven and earth adore,
Made by his creating word.
Bow, my soul, before his face,
Trophy now of sovereign grace.

Happy was the day, which brought
To this distant, lonely wild,
Him by whom my soul was taught
That I was of wrath a child.
Guilty conscience in my breast
Would not suffer me to rest.

" Whither shall a sinner fly ?
" Who can save my soul from hell ?
" Must my spirit, when I die,
" Go with wicked fiends to dwell ?"
O, my teacher, bid me see
Jesus bleeding on a tree !

There was God and man united,
God, to raise the merit high ;
Man, to be rejected, slighted,
Man, to suffer, bleed, and die.
On this precious rock I fall,
Christ to me is all in all.

Now creation round me smiles ;
While I feel this peace within,

Nought looks dark, but satan's wiles,
 And that deadly evil, sin.
 Whither now is fled my fear ?
 All is joy and quiet here.

O my brother, is it you ?
 Why so soon ? I'm not afraid ;
 While I pass the dark shade thro',
 Tho' alone, I nothing dread.
 Never was by words express'd
 Peace, like this within my breast.

Pleasant is the silver moon-beam,
 Kindly smile the stars on high ;
 Still more pleasant is the noon-beam
 Shooting thro' the azure sky ;
 Wafted on the gentle gale
 Sweet the scent the flowers exhale.

Charming 'tis to hear the singing,
 While the wild birds tune their lays,
 Sweet to hear the water springing,
 Where the copious fountain plays.
 Much to hear the breeze I love,
 Rustling thro' the leafy grove.

But to hear the joyful sound,
Pardon, whisper'd in the ear,
 Makes the heart with rapture bound,
 Fills the soul with heavenly cheer.
 O my brother, come with me ;
 Jesus Christ can make you free.

Time will come, when I must die ;
 Now 'tis light beyond the grave ;

Then to bliss my soul will fly,
 God's dear Son has power to save.
 O my friends for heaven prepare,
 Then ascend and meet me there.

Come, dear missionaries, come,
 Teach wild sinners how to live ;
 When you reach your heavenly home,
 Christ a glorious crown will give ;
 We with you our songs will raise
 In an endless round of praise.

C hild of the forest, whence those heavenly
 charms,
 A nd whence those graces, which at length sur-
 round thee ?

*T he Savior sought me, in the wilds he found
 me,*

H e kindly holds and bears me in his arms.

A rt thou not born of better blood than many,
 R ais'd up so quickly to a rank so high ?

I am a sinner, vile by birth as any,

*N or ought but grace has brought the stranger
 nigh ;*

E ach day, each hour, must grace my lamp supply.

B ut why so soon must loveliness decay ?

R ose the bright star to dazzle and expire ?

O n me the Savior spread this bright array ;

W as it to quench my life-lamp's glimmering fire ?

N o, but to fill with light my fleeting day.

A Soul entering Paradise.

Is it reality, or do I dream ?
 Where am I now ? In what new world my
 place ?
 How great the change ! Just now I lay on
 earth
 Struggling with pain severe. The prison'd soul
 Rush'd to each avenue to quit her cell ;
 But still her chains detain'd her ; on herself
 Back she recoil'd. Then fading memory fail'd ;
 Then thought ran wild ; shade after shade
 roll'd on,
 Till all was chaos, all was dark and drear,
 Save the faint glimmerings of expiring light,
 Just ready to leap out. There came a hand
 Open and broad ; it fell ; I seem'd no more—
 As from the smitten steel the brilliant spark
 Leaps forth, I spring to life and light again.
 I seem all eye ; a vast, ethereal scene
 Of heavenly brightness all around expands.
 Rank beyond rank, in wide perspective view,
 Hosts of bright angels in divine array,
 And ransom'd spirits o'er the crystal plain,
 Stand, with their harps and viols tun'd for
 praise.

I seem all hearing. Such melodious notes,
 And strains sublime, as never pour'd their
 charms
 On mortal ear, my every power entrance.
 I seem all feeling. To each sound responds
 A sweet vibration ; gentle now ; then strong,

When the vast chorus lifts aloft the strain.
 So does the eye respond to varied scenes,
 Now beautiful, and now sublime. The pass-
 ing breeze
 Is aromatic, 'tis a sweet perfume
 Of more than human mixture—essences divine.

I seem all mind. The intellectual view
 Is bright and keen, while new perceptions rise
 Of moral beauty, and in just array
 Class'd and distinguish'd, in succession pour
 On mental vision. Memory wakes and calls,
 With speed of lightning, former days to view,
 Pass'd on the earth, with all their checker'd
 scenes
 Of vanity and sin. In long array
 Past pains and pleasures, hopes, and joys, and
 fears,
 Remorse, repentings, brokenness of heart,
 Peace, consolation, all before me move,
 With all the stores of treasur'd knowledge,
 drawn
 From wide creation, from the word of God.
 O what transcendent wisdom now appears,
 What love to being, what good will to man,
 From wide creation, from this word divine!

I seem all heart and soul. Love glows
 within ;
 Joy springs and triumphs ; gratitude awakes ;
 Thankful emotions, like a swelling stream,
 Flow from my breast, as from a living spring,
 And roll their current to the throne of him,

Who dwells in light, and spread, and wash the
feet

Of him, whose face is like the noon-day sun,
His radiance round him like the heavenly bow,
His robes of snowy whiteness, girt around
The paps with gold.—Who is this lovely one?
It is my Savior; he, whose blood redeem'd
These countless thousands, who around me
stand

In robes of glory, near to angels rais'd
In wisdom, power, and love.—Where now that
load

I bore on earth, which press'd me sorely down
Year after year, and brought me to the verge
Of desperation? 'Tis entirely gone,
'Tis gone forever! O how light I feel!
How free to move, to run, to fly, to rise,
As guides the will of him, who reigns my king.

But who are ye?

O my belov'd, my late familiar friends!
From earth ye fled, on earth were seen no
more.

But are ye here? Dear partners of my joy,
Are we then safe? O what a thrill of bliss
To know—nor sin, nor satan, nor a world of
snares

Shall further harm us.—Hark, Immanuel calls;
Come, our bright angels, hand in hand we go
Before the throne to worship.—Come thou
bless'd,

“Take from my hand the holy crown I give

“To all, who love me. Enter on, and share

"The happy kingdom long ago prepar'd,
 "And kept in safe reserve. My father gives
 "This high reward, and condescends to be
 "Your father too."—My Lord, my God!
 Thou art all worthy; thou on earth wast slain,
 And hast redeem'd us by thy precious blood,
 From every kindred, nation, people, tongue,
 And to our God hast made us priests and kings,
 And we shall reign, forever reign, with thee.

Sleep.

● sleep, thou subtle foe,
 Thy lulling poppies shed,
 Soft, as the flakes of falling snow,
 Their slumbers o'er my head.

Ye guardians of our souls,
 Teach me a snare to shun,
 Which oft my every power controls,
 Ere yet my task is done.

Arm'd with her silken bands,
 Tiptoe she comes behind,
 And has the address my feet, my hands,
 Immoveably to bind.

Her fairy fingers move
 Gently my eyelids o'er,
 Suspend the weights, which heavy prove
 And seal up vision's door.

Artful, the key she turns,
Which locks my senses fast,
While yet the early candle burns,
Nor evening yet is past.

Oft, too, she comes by day,
While precious time demands
My studious care, and steals away
The blessing from my hands.

Gone, ah ! forever lost,
Full many an hour I mourn,
Nor can Peru supply the cost
To purchase their return.

Oft I resolve, and pray,
And struggle, all in vain ;
Perceiv'd, she does but slip away,
To come unseen again.

O sleep, of lulling powers,
Haste with thy dreams to flee ;
Take but thine own appointed hours,
And leave the rest to me.

Go, make thy silent home,
Where death and ruin rest,
Deep in the dark and dreary tomb,
Nor me by day molest.

Go, my affliction, go,
And come uncall'd no more,
Lest, as against a treacherous foe,
I rise, and bar the door.

I wrong thee, gentle guest,
 Kind gift of nature's Lord ;
 By thee the cheerless night is blest,
 And all our powers restor'd.

Call'd, when the season claims,
 When call'd, with prudence us'd,
 Then at the hour which reason names,
 Dismiss'd, and not abus'd.

Blameless thou art ; the fault
 Is truly all my own ;
 My sluggish nature bids thee halt,
 Even when thou wouldst be gone.

Indulg'd by me at first,
 To lull my lazy frame,
 While active labors bid me burst
Thy bands, and hear *their* claim,

The mournful habit grew,
 Which causes now my grief,
 The evil, which I sadly rue,
 From which I seek relief.

Go, Sleep—I blame thee not,
 But now awhile retire ;
 Till nature, night, and wearied thought
 Thy kind return require.

Then come at nature's call,
 And let thy poppies shed,
 Softly, as downy snow-flakes fall,
 Their slumbers o'er my head.

Tir'd nature thus restore,
 And with the early dawn
 Leave me my Maker to adore,
 And thro' the day be gone.

Leave me to serious thought,
 Reflection, labor, care,
 In these the good of all be sought,
 While heaven's kind gifts I share.

Invitation to Love.

O Love, thou blest fountain of peace,
 Come dwell in my conquered breast;
 'Tis thine to cause envy to cease,
 And hush our rude passions to rest.

The great King of glory above
 Has made thee his constant abode,
 The great King of glory is love,
 For love is the name of our God.

Who dwells in this grace so divine,
 The brightest in mansions of light,
 His graces all pleasantly shine,
 In God he still dwells with delight.

O Love, of sweet union the band,
 Where hearts are united by thee,
 In harmony thousands may stand,
 Like brothers and sisters agree.

By thee was the Savior brought down
 From regions of glory above,
 By thee has obtain'd a bright crown,
 Which shines to the honor of love.

By thee he was led to endure
 A curse, that our souls might be free ;
 To shed his blood costly and pure,
 To ransom such wretches, as we.

What love without measure appears
 In such an example as this !
 On earth the Believer it cheers,
 But triumphs in regions of bliss.

Sweet Love, it is thine there to be
 The bondage eternal of souls ;
 All bound in this bondage are free,
 And nothing their pleasure controls.

O haste, and with us build a throne,
 Bring down the bright bliss of the skies ;
 Let earth thy kind victories own,
 And learn thy sweet bondage to prize.

The tide of our years we'll improve,
 Till time with us here is no more,
 Then plunge in an ocean of love,
 Which knows neither bottom nor shore.

Spiritual Darkness.

Alas, this gloomy frame !
 How sinks the fainting heart ;

**Distressing sorrow, guilt and shame,
Prevail in every part.**

**Upward I look, but why ?
My prayers are all amiss ;
I look within, I look and sigh ;
How sad a state is this !**

**The joys of seasons past
Are fled away and gone ;
When will this gloomy night be past,
And when will morning dawn ?**

**When shall I find my God ?
When see my Savior's face ?
When will kind mercy shed abroad
Its soul reviving rays ?**

**Sunk is my heart ; I make
Some faint attempts to pray ;
Deceitful slumbers quickly take
The life of prayer away.**

**Tho' shaken too and fro,
My slumbering frame I keep ;
Enough awake for sin and wo,
To all besides asleep.**

**O, 'tis a painful state !
How void of heavenly peace ;
When will my gloomy fears abate ?
And when my slumbers cease ?**

**Guilt, fear, and sleep divide
The listless, lingering hours ;**

While these continue, all beside
A canker still devours.

My fear is still too small
To urge my soul to fly,
And on the Rock of Ages fall,
And to his grace apply.

My guilt is great indeed,
But O, my stubborn heart !
The flinty thing—it will not bleed,
So hard is every part.

How long shall I remain
In this distressing case ?
Duty a burden, sin a pain,
Asleep to every grace.

O for a heart to move !
To linger here is death.
O could I lift my thoughts above,
And die to all beneath.

How shall I break these bands ?
A slave in prison still !
Take me, dear Jesus, in thy hands,
And heal me, if thou will.

A wretch deserving hell,
I fly to thee alone ;
Save, if thou please, if not, 'tis well ;
Thy holy will be done.

A Christian Grace.

There is a grace, it springs from heaven,
 To soothe the breast of sorrow given,
 To calm the storm, when passions rise,
 And dry the tear from gushing eyes.

It is a grace of birth divine,
 Ordain'd in saints alone to shine,
 For in the sinner all that seems
 Its like is but of nature's beams.

This grace the needful aid bestows,
 To calm distress, the mind compose,
 To blunt the edge of every ill,
 And say to murmuring thoughts, Be still !

Does pale disease our frame invade ?
 Are we on beds of sickness laid ?
 It kindly checks the rising sigh,
 And wings the lingering hours to fly.

Do neighbors strive, are friends unkind ?
 Would broils domestic vex the mind ?
 It lends a shelter where to hide,
 Till the fierce tempest shall subside.

Whene'er our zeal for God may raise
 Fell persecution's envious blaze,
 This grace supplies the copious stream
 To cool the smart, and quench the flame.

Does Christ his wonted smiles withhold,
 Displeas'd, because our love is cold ?

Are hope, and joy, and comfort gone,
And every pleasure far withdrawn ?

Then give this grace a home to rest
A welcome inmate in our breast ;
Our holy love again will burn,
And Christ with cheering smiles return.

Seems the way long to heavenly bliss,
Thro' such a wilderness as this ?
Do scorching sands, and beasts of prey,
And fiery serpents give dismay ?

This grace, if welcom'd, will sustain
Our fainting souls, and soothe our pain ;
Like angels' hands will bear us o'er
Danger and death to Canaan's shore.

Celestial Grace ! Do christians claim
One token more to teach its name ?
'Tis that which gives the best relief
In all our woes, and *smiles at grief*.

The Lily of the Vale.

There is a flower, which here below
In nature's garden will not grow,
But in the soil which grace prepares,
And which a heavenly influence shares.

It springs beside a sister flower
Of stature low, but fragrant power ;

Which on its breast in figures plain
Displays a heart that's rent in twain.

This lowly flowret oft appears
With dew drops hung, like drops of tears,
And seems to say with modest mein,
These are the tears, which fall for sin.

Where once the sun-flower stood in pride,
Was rooted up, and fell, and died,
With fragrance sweet, as morning rose,
This flower amidst the ruin grows.

Not on the hill, which rises high,
But where the lowly vallies lie,
This lovely plant with bowing head
Blooms half conceal'd amidst the shade.

When rebel man is sorely press'd
With guilt for sin, and finds no rest,
Then let him try its healing power,
And in his bosom hide the flower.

While here the fragrant plant he wears,
The lowly plant, bedew'd with tears,
Its sweet perfume will rise to heaven,
And God will speak his sins forgiven.

Yes, from his high and holy throne
The Lord will look and kindly own
This man among the precious few,
Who shall ~~shall~~ his face in glory view.

When God's own Son from heaven came down,
 He laid aside his starry crown,
 And, as our pattern, daily wore
 On his own breast this lowly flower.

Peace to the mourning soul that minds
 Heaven's faithful marks, and seeks and finds
 This plant, which can such sweets exhale,
 It is the *Lily of the vale*.

Thy will be done.

God has a will of ancient date,
 A purpose firm and wise ;
 A fix'd decree, from which the state
 Of all that is, must rise.

In view of this, 'tis ours to say,
 As years and ages run,
 Whatever is, from day to day,
 O God, *thy will be done*.

Have hosts of angels left the state,
 In which they first were form'd,
 And long ago in fierce debate
 Against their sovereign arm'd ?

Is human nature sunk in sin ?
 Is all its glory gone ?
 'Tis ours to hush the storm within,
 And say, *Thy will be done*.

Do sickness, pain, and many an ill
 Our mortal frames assail ?
 A lot, which cares and crosses fill,
 Does dying man bewail ?

Tho' many a soul is wreck'd and lost,
 May we the danger shun,
 Be calm, and say, (tho' often cross'd,)
 My God, *thy will be done.*

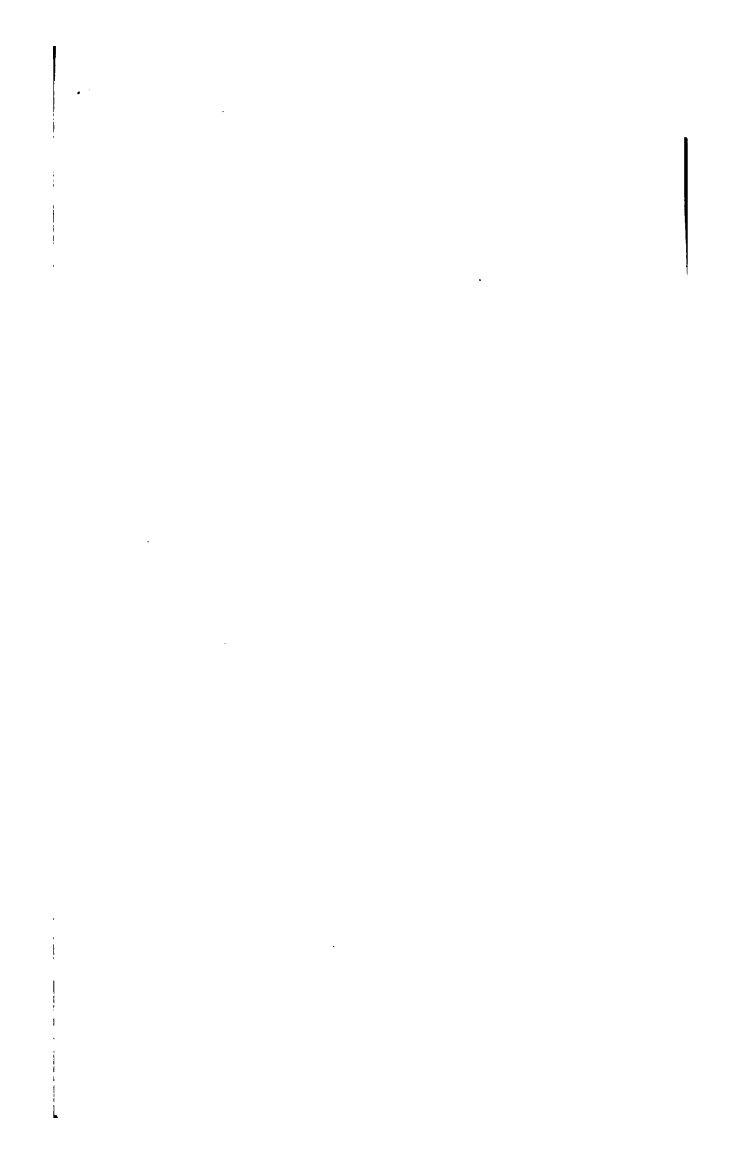
But when from God's enlightning word
 We learn his wondrous ways,
 That from the wrath of man the Lord
 Will draw immortal praise ;

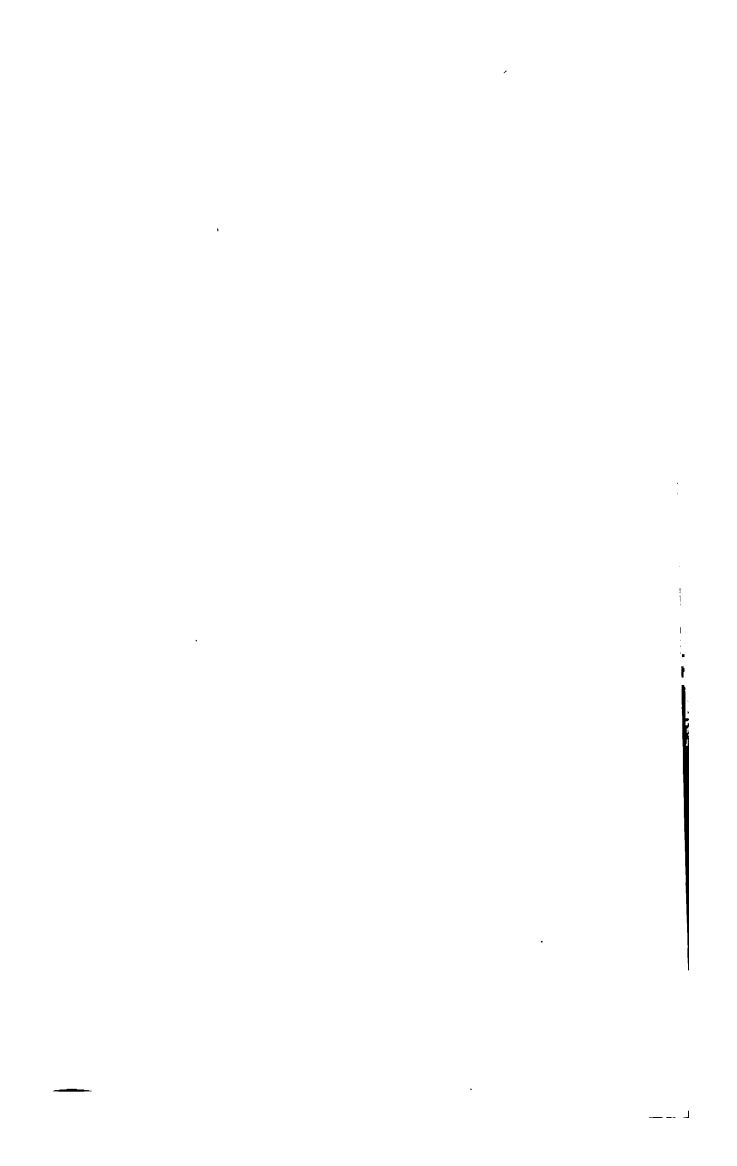
That power and wisdom will complete
 The plan immense begun ;
 We fall at our Jehovah's feet,
 And say, *Thy will be done.*

So when we view the plan of grace,
 That God's own Son came down
 To save from sin a chosen race,
 And raise them to a crown ;

Amaz'd we see in this how love
 And justice, join'd in one,
 Call heaven and earth the plan to approve,
 And say, *Thy will be done.*

Nor only this, but when we read
 God's will in his commands,
 That every thought, and word, and deed,
 Fulfill our hearts and hands,





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